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FROM the best information available, the internal condition of Austria-Hungary is not such as would sustain decisive military effort in Italy. The German and Magyar parties are now definitely in the minority, politically, as a result of the defection of the Poles. The empire must therefore be governed without a parliament —a condition which is not likely to consolidate even German and Magyar opinion behind the war. The national parties are growing steadily stronger and bolder, and while the day may still be distant when an armed rising would have any chance of success, the armies of the empire must be disintegrating in morale under secret political agitation among the disaffected Slavic units. Accordingly, even if the Austrian armies succeeded in forcing the line of the Piave, it is extremely doubtful that they could thrust the campaign deep into Italian soil. A counter offensive might easily overwhelm them with disaster, and, in this case, what hope would there be for the empire except in prompt and generous support from Germany? And can Germany spare from the western front even the minimum forces required? Failure on the Piave may easily transform Austria into a heavy liability for Germany.

YET there can be little doubt that the Germans drove Austria-Hungary to the offensive. Possibly she believed that a bath in blood would restore the failing vigor of the Dual Empire. The Allies were under a similar delusion when they urged an offensive upon Kerensky. The Allied cause was the loser in that episode; the German cause may be the loser in the present case. But there is another possible explanation of Germany's action in urging Austria-Hungary to force the Piave line. Germany, it seems evident, intends to launch a peace offensive when her military offensive has attained its maximum practicable results. That means, while she still has reserves enough to check a counter offensive that would stiffen Allied morale to the rejection of any German terms. The case for a German peace would be stronger if Austria-Hungary also was displaying offensive strength. It would not be necessary that the Dual Empire should prove capable of sustaining a prolonged offensive, if this were the object of German political strategy. An appearance of great strength, for a few weeks, would be sufficient to exert a pronounced influence upon the peace negotiations.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S refusal to support Senator Borah's amendment providing for the discussion of treaties by the Senate in public is very disappointing to many of his supporters. There is a clear discrepancy between the wording of his letter to Secretary Lansing and that of his recent addresses on open diplomacy. In his letter he stated that by "open diplomacy" he did not refer to the way in which international agreements were reached but merely that "all international relations when fixed should be open, above board and explicit." Senator Borah's retort was crushing. The President stipulated in his previous address for "open covenants for peace *openly*

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arrived at" and for diplomatic method which shall "proceed *always* frankly and in the public view." Again he said: "It will be our wish and purpose that the processes of peace, when they are begun shall be *absolutely open.*" It looks very much as if the President in this as in some other matters was trying to have it both ways. He is in favor of open diplomacy but without any sacrifice of desirable secrecy just as he was in favor of pitiless publicity—provided it did not result in any inconvenient public revelations.

AS to the merits of Senator Borah's resolution, they are as clear as is the President's inconsistency in opposing it. It provided for secret sessions by a four-fifths vote whenever there were delicate matters, which the administration would like to communicate and the Senate to consider. But it provided also in the main for the public discussion of treaties, and in the absence of such discussion, democratic diplomacy becomes a puny and meaningless phrase. If it is necessary for the Senate to refuse to discuss a treaty in public and to withhold the reasons of the Senators for supporting or opposing its ratification, it is equally necessary for the administration in proposing the treaty, and the newspapers in commenting on it, to suppress the real reason for what they do or say. The practice is wholly inimical to the demands of democratic diplomacy. The ability of a democracy to exercise any control over foreign policy depends on the formation of an instructed and vital public opinion; and how can public opinion behave in a vigorous and well informed manner if treaties are to be ratified for reasons which on the whole will not bear public inspection?

THE suffrage amendment still hangs fire in the Senate in spite of the President's recent letter and in spite of the extreme need, from the point of view of the suffrage workers, of an early decision. If it is not brought to a vote, because of the impossibility of securing the last one or two supporters sufficient to secure its passage, there is manifestly good reason for delay, even though the delay itself embarrasses the suffrage workers in agitating in the states for the election of legislators pledged to vote for the ratification of the amendment. But the statement is made that the Democrats are delaying the Senate decision until the end of the session, so that its passage will be fresh in the minds of the voting women and help Democratic candidates in the fall election. This would be an absurd reason for delay. The Democratic party stands to lose a good deal by failing to pass the amendment, because in that event women voters will be persuaded to discriminate against Democratic candidates for Congress. But it will gain little or no positive support by passing the amendment. In any event the proportion of Republican congressional votes in its favor will be larger than the proportion of Democratic votes. From the standpoint of party advantage, the Democrats have just one fact to consider—the fact that the Republicans can use against them in many suffrage states any failure to submit the amendment. But the party interest is trivial as compared to public interest. The passage of the amendment is essential to the promotion of national unity during war. It is outrageous for men to impose so many civic obligations on women and accept so many public services from them and then refuse them a political status.

WE should be more impressed by ex-Minister Konovalov's reported advocacy of armed intervention in Russia if the dismissal of Lomonosov had not already warned us that only the interventionist side of the case is to be presented to us by Russians of official or quasi-official position. Konovalov is an honest and an able man, but the fact remains that he would probably not be in America if he had not favored intervention. While his opinions are sincere, they are politically selected. We should find no difficulty in selecting able and honest representatives in America of any shade of opinion on any point connected with the war. Their views would not be an adequate basis for policy, obviously. What America really needs is the report of a commission of Americans, selected without regard to their economic or political views, but under oath to the American people, to go about Russia, acquainting themselves with every shade of opinion and inquiring persistently among all men, What can America do to help Russia? What guarantees can Russia give that American aid would not be perverted to the use of Germany's enemies? What guarantees from America would satisfy Russia that our aid would not be used as an instrument in Russia's domestic struggle, with which we have nothing to do? Such a commission would indeed be subject to manifold error, but we have sufficient confidence in American shrewdness and openmindedness to believe that its report would point the way toward a policy that would advance Russia's interest and our own.

IT is reported that the Ways and Means Committee plans at present to raise the normal tax on earned incomes to twelve per cent and the tax on "unearned incomes" to sixteen per cent. The discrimination is merely apparent for incomes above $6,000, if the present "excess profits" tax of four per cent on earned incomes is retained. To place earned and unearned incomes on practically

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the same footing is a decided improvement over the present law, with its monstrous discrimination against earned incomes. But the Committee ought to do more than remove a discrimination against incomes earned by personal effort. It ought to impose a decidedly heavier rate upon the unearned incomes. This is the British practice, and is justifiable on quite other grounds than equalitarianism or conscription of wealth. The recipient of an income from investments enjoys security; it is not as a rule necessary for him to withhold part of it from consumption as a reserve for the future. Earned incomes, as a rule, are insecure, and their recipient is under obligation to make provision out of them for unforeseen contingencies. Contrast the position of the man who was receiving a year ago $50,000 from railway securities with that of the man who received $50,000 as a railway president. In taking over the roads we assured the shareholder that he would continue to enjoy his customary dividends, as a matter of course. As for the railway president, we made no promises, but he had a suspicion that we would drop him, as we have since done. Nobody would maintain that the two men were equal in ability to bear taxes.

THE Appropriations Committee of the House has granted to Chairman Creel of the Committee on Public Information a certain amount of money with which to carry on his work during the coming year. It is not a large sum, and if it is not increased the Committee's activities will be unnecessarily and unwisely curtailed, but it is a beginning. We are glad that Mr. Creel has made his peace with Congress and that his Bureau will hereafter come under Congressional supervision. It may be necessary for a government during war to conduct an organized propaganda, but it is one of the most dangerous of all functions to confide to administrative officials; and when confided to them it is particularly necessary that Congressional approval should be exacted for the activities of the Bureau. We trust Mr. Creel's committee will be liberally supported during the war, for in spite of a few mistakes, its work of propaganda has been conducted with increasing effectiveness, discrimination and imagination. But we trust also it will be ruthlessly suppressed just as soon as the war is over. There would be no better way of poisoning the well-springs of a democracy than that of permitting public funds to be used by administrative officials to give publicity to the policy and achievements of the government.

CZECHO-SLOVAK and Jugo-Slav propaganda is rapidly converting American opinion to the necessity of the break-up of Austria-Hungary. From a nation almost ignorant of the aspirations of the western and southern Slavs we are becoming the most ardent supporters of those aspirations. This is in large part due to the good judgment with which the Slavic propaganda is being conducted. Its leaders have realized that we are not a subtle people, amateurs of wide flung schemes of adjusting balances of power among distant nations, but a people honestly believing in the sufficiency of national liberty. The typical Czecho-Slovak or Jugo-Slav propagandist does not dilate upon the gains we may expect from the liberation of his nation, but he unfolds before us the record of his national strivings. Peoples who have endured such sacrifices for liberty as the Serbs and Czechs have are worthy of liberty. That is the conviction that is fastening itself upon the American mind. Peoples that have succeeded in sinking internal differences so serious as the religious differences between Croatians and Serbs give promise of a national unity that can maintain itself. For the liberation of peoples that offer such promise America is ready to sacrifice much. And she will be ready, in conjunction with her allies, to accept whatever burdens may be necessary in order to guarantee independence.

The Approaching Crisis

AMERICANS should prepare their minds for events and decisions of the first importance. During the next few weeks the whole military and political problem of the war will gather to a head. The fate of nations and the immediate future of civilization itself may depend upon the ensuing break. What the break will be we can only guess, for we are confined to an imperfect knowledge of many essential facts, but it looks now as if the issue would depend upon a choice between alternative policies imposed upon the American government in part by the enemy and in part by its Allies.

The military situation is dangerous but obscure. The German army during the past three months has won unexpected and substantial victories, as the result of which it has advanced to within striking distance of Paris and the Channel ports. If it can do equally well during the next three months, its leaders may be justified in hoping for an immediate military decision. Whether or not the possibility of obtaining such a decision looks so good to the German General Staff that they will base their military and political strategy upon it depends upon facts of which we have no sufficient knowledge. It depends upon the relative volume of the German and the Allied reserves, and the comparative ability of the two armies and the nations behind them to endure for much longer the gruelling warfare of

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the last few months. If the policy of the German High Command is that of fighting exclusively for a military decision, there is, of course, nothing more to be said. The approaching crisis will be purely military, and civilians can only plug away at their ordinary occupations and try to keep a clear head and a stout heart. But in our opinion the approaching crisis will not be purely military. We do not believe the Germans, however much they would like to force a military decision, possess the power or consequently the intention of adopting such a strategy. The military offensive is still the spear-head of a political offensive, which they will seek to make more insidious, less costly to themselves and scarcely less formidable to their opponents.

There have been many indications recently of a coming peace offer from the German government. The German newspapers take such an offer for granted. If it is to be forthcoming its terms must have already been communicated by the usual subterranean channels to the Allied governments. We must assume that these terms are not of the drastic nature predicted by the Kreuzzeitung and other pan-German papers. The German government would have no object in proposing, without obtaining a military decision, the kind of peace which would not be considered except as the result of a military decision. From their point of view the only terms worth proposing are those which would divide the Allies and weaken the resistance of at least some of them to peace negotiations. If a political offensive is launched it will seek the most vulnerable part in the political intrenchments of the Allies, and pound away at that point in the hope of driving in a breach.

The exact location of the vulnerable region is only too apparent. It is Russia. France, and to a less extent England, have never agreed with President Wilson in adopting a considerate attitude toward the Russian Revolution in its later phases. It was the Russian defection which threw out all the plans of our Allies and rescued Germany from what promised to be certain defeat. It is the German eastern army which now compromises the safety of Paris and the Channel ports. The leading French and British statesmen believe, consequently, that they are entitled to adopt any necessary measures to compensate their own cause for the Russian defection. Their first object is to re-establish an eastern line, and thus to draw off a number of the German troops sufficient to restore the military balance in the west. This object can be best accomplished, as they believe, by a military expedition into Siberia; and if the job is to be done effectively a large Japanese army would need to be sent in with the smallest possible delay. They are coming to consider a new eastern front indispensable to military victory. The only practicable alternative, as many of them view it, is a peace which leaves Germany with a free hand in the east. But President Wilson is barring the way to the adoption of both of these alternatives. He has not consented to Japanese military intervention, and he insists on fighting for the freedom of Russia no less than for the freedom of France and Belgium.

If this analysis is true, the lines of a possible political offensive, of which the German military offensive would constitute the spear-head, assume a definite shape. By hammering at the western front until Paris and the Channel ports are threatened, they are intensifying the demand in France and England for an attempt to re-establish an eastern line at any cost. Then they can take political advantage of the military pressure by proposals for peace based on the Brest-Litovsk and the Rumanian treaties in the east, upon the restoration of Belgium, the evacuation of France, and some compromise upon French and Italian territorial demands. The combination of this terrific military threat with a tempting political escape would involve France in a trying dilemma. The French government might feel driven to insist upon a Japanese military expedition as the most available alternative to the acceptance of the German terms. France's Allies might have to decide whether they would abandon Russia or confront the German menace in Russia by the adoption of a military policy in that unhappy country which would, like that of the Germans, threaten from another direction its future integrity and independence.

If the Germans launch a political attack along these lines, and if the French government presses for intervention in Siberia as the only alternative to an acceptance of the eastern treaties, they will put up to President Wilson the critical decision of the whole war. Knowing as he does the terrific strain which the German offensive has placed on the moral and military resources of France and Great Britain, he will naturally wish to adopt any measure which in their opinion will relieve the tension. Yet in the present instance he has the best of reasons for hesitancy. It is extremely doubtful whether the measure proposed for the purpose of re-establishing the eastern front would actually serve to bring about such a result except after a prolonged delay; and even if the military advantages of Japanese intervention were indisputable, President Wilson would by consenting to it compromise the constructive political aims on behalf of which he has asked his countrymen to enter the war. Japanese military intervention on a scale sufficiently large to have a chance of restoring an eastern line could only be purchased at a high price. It would mean the promise to Japan of at least a

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free hand in China and to a certain extent in Siberia. But the grant of privileged economic and political opportunities of this kind would mean the repudiation of his international, anti-imperialist programme. They are incompatible with a just and enduring peace and with any trustworthy international organization strong enough to guarantee the future security and the liberties of all nations.

It looks, consequently, as if the time had come when the President must abandon the diplomatic isolation which he has hitherto preserved and seek a better understanding with our Allies. He must negotiate an agreement with them for a joint economic, military and political policy in Russia. Neither he nor they can afford to let the existing differences of purpose persist. As the New York Times pointed out recently: "Our political forces are as far from unity as ever; there is no such thing as a political board of strategy, and cross purposes butt against each other as hard as they did four years ago, while Germany, actuated by one spirit and controlled by a single hand, knows when to strike in the political field as well as in the military field. The anti-German world looks to President Wilson as its leader. It will follow him if he takes the initiative. It is not enough to unify our military command; not so long as Germany fights not only with military weapons but with political ones." The New Republic has been urging the need of political unity ever since the United States entered the war. This is now becoming indispensable. The question is: On what basis can it be best achieved?

The Times, in common with other American newspapers, is perfectly willing to achieve political unity by the sacrifice on the part of the American government of its past and present attitude towards Japanese intervention. That would be one apparent way of reaching a common policy, but its adoption would not mean the assertion by President Wilson of his leadership of the anti-German alliance, but its abandonment. If the President is to take the initiative in formulating and consolidating the political strategy of the Allies, he can scarcely do so on any basis except that of his own anti-imperialist and constructive programme. He must work to secure positive support in France and Great Britain for a policy of doing nothing in Russia which the Russians can interpret as an interference in their own domestic controversies. Japanese intervention in Siberia on a scale large enough to re-establish an eastern front would be a clear case of the adoption of Prussian methods in order to defeat Prussia. There is only one politically sound way in which disorganized or weak peoples like the Russians can be assisted to regain their own national vitality, and that is by the creation of a society of democratic nations, pledged collectively to treat other nations as they themselves would under similar circumstances like to be treated. No act would do more to make the future organization of a League of Nations possible and probable than the refusal at the present moment to yield to the temptation of putting a Japanese army in Siberia. On the other hand acquiescence in Japanese intervention would make it impossible for the anti-German alliance to develop into a League of Nations and would erect insurmountable obstacles in the path of a just and enduring peace. Instead of unifying the alliance such an act would condemn it to ultimate disintegration. It would become like the American nation before the Civil War, a house morally divided against itself.

The President's own programme, if honestly and intelligently carried out, is much better calculated to unify the Allies and to frustrate the German attack on the liberties of the world. If the Allies consent to the Brest-Litovsk and the Rumanian treaties, they will be endorsing the domination in Central Europe and the exploitation of Russia by Germany. In that event France and Italy could not avoid in the long run the fate of becoming German vassals. If they allow Japan to do in Siberia what Germany is doing in the Baltic provinces, they will deprive themselves of any basis in right for objecting to German penetration; they will give the Germans every pretext to increase the amount of that penetration; and they will be tempted in the end to assist in the setting up of a counter-revolutionary Russian government which will agree to the Japanese terms. On the other hand, if the Allies remain true during the war to the principles of justice which underlie the proposed League of Nations, they will be not only adopting the policy which, when sustained by military victory, would assure the political defeat of Germany, but they would be adopting the most effective means to safeguard their own subsequent security. Now that Russia has collapsed and will not be able for many years to form part of a continental balance of power, France and Italy must depend for their freedom and safety upon their ability to bring in the new world to redress the balance in the old. Japan has neither the will nor ultimately the power to protect France against Germany. America has the will and she will have the power. The American people are willing to expend any military and economic effort which may be necessary to protect France against Germany now and hereafter, but it must be under conditions which guarantee similar security for other nations and peoples. That is what the President's policy means, and France and Great Britain will be unwise to reject it. If it is rejected the American nation, after the war is over, will be tempted to take advantage of its own

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geographical remoteness and to resume the selfish and irresponsible attitude of isolation which prevented it for so long from entering the war.

America Tested by War

WHEN the war is over and it becomes possible to subject all the pertinent facts to merciless scrutiny, Americans will be able to draw up a full account of her national factors of strength and weakness, as revealed by the test of war. But in the meantime we are all forming provisional judgments in the matter. Since the first days of war, event after event has challenged reflection. Was this all we had a right to expect of our country, we have often asked ourselves in bitter despair, when evidences of delay and disorder crowded themselves upon us. Could this be the traditional happy-go-lucky America, we have often wondered, as we caught the sense of a mighty effort accumulating throughout the nation. And the net effect, even the pessimist will be forced to admit, is that of a great nation acquitting herself well.

Let us recall some of the doubts that were current in the anxious weeks following the decision of Germany to resume unlimited submarine warfare. Were we then a united people, or did our superficial unity conceal dangerous fissures between the races, classes and sections of which our nation is made up? It was not our enemies alone who believed that war would exert a disrupting influence upon American society, evoking domestic problems of such magnitude that our war effort would be negligible. Many sincere Americans, ardently desiring American participation in the war, were oppressed by apprehensions of turmoil and conflicting purposes at home. But a year of war has made evident to all the world that America is in fact one of the most closely knit of all the nations. With unimportant exceptions the whole people is behind the war, and no matter how long it may drag out, no matter what sacrifices it may entail, the American people will remain united for the full accomplishment of the democratic war aims of the nation. Middle Western apathy, hyphenated Americanism, working-class pacifism have all been demonstrated to be myths. Imagine a political party appealing to the American voters on a platform of a peace of weariness and despair. Can anyone designate a single section of the country in which such a party would poll more than a minority of the votes? The war may be an issue in the next election, but so long as fighting continues, the only shape that such an issue can take is one of method. A party which hopes to make capital out of the war can do so only by proposing more comprehensive and thoroughgoing methods of bringing it to a successful conclusion.

A second series of doubts attached itself to our capacity to organize our economic resources in such a way as to make our man power really tell on the field of battle. Could we build the guns and aeroplanes, and above all, the ships without which our declaration of war would be little more than a vain imprecation? We promised, but promises have been cheap in America. The Germans were not alone in discounting our performance heavily. A year ago there were many shrewd observers in England and France who believed that the Allied cause would prosper most if we contented ourselves with the rôle of economic auxiliaries, abandoning the plan of a vast army of our own to fight in France. Still, we are building guns and aeroplanes and ships, and if our progress in a year falls short of our promise, our progress in two years will far exceed it. There is no longer any serious doubt that we shall outbuild the German submarine. Unless German resistance collapses before that time we shall have three million men in France next summer, adequately equipped and supplied from America.

Nor were we certain, a year ago, that the greed for profit with which we have been so freely charged by foreign and domestic critics would fail to find unwholesomely fertile soil under the shadow of war. We knew we should have profiteering enough, since Germany within her iron ring of enemies, France in danger of losing her rank among the Powers, and England with her empire in peril, have nevertheless been unable to eliminate profiteering and to prevent the accumulation of parasitic war fortunes. But if the European nations with death at their doors were battening goulash barons, how could we hope to escape a shameless orgy of profiteering? As matters have turned out, our business men have displayed much less greed for profits than those of Germany. Our men of wealth have accepted profits and income taxation with a better grace than those of any European nation, with the exception of England. Our prices are under better control, our fiscal measures more drastic than at any time in our history of war making. And if we are still far from an adequate system of economic control, we are moving in the right direction, under a powerful momentum.

There was a possibility that the war would give color of patriotism to all manner of designs against labor standards. We can now scarcely recall the circumstances of 1917, with most employers demanding the relaxation of child labor laws and laws restricting the strain upon women workers, and many employers proclaiming in their select circles

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that now was the time to go to the mat with organized labor. We have only a dim memory of the restlessness that prevailed throughout the working class early last summer. At that time it was conceivable that labor might be driven towards an industrial anarchy more dangerous to our cause than many miles of trenches lost to the enemy. We have not solved the problem of industrial relations but neither has our effort broken down. Labor and capital may still be conscious of sharp conflicts of interest, but neither side will assume the onus of blocking the nation's war effort. We might have been called upon to sacrifice the democratic rights of labor at home to the cause of democracy abroad. We have not. Labor is better paid and treated with more consideration by employers and government alike than on the day we entered the war.

That the men composing our national armies would as individuals display courage and intelligence has never been doubted by Americans who knew America. But in the absence of a military tradition such as our enemies possess, in the lack of an extensive officer caste trained to war, was it possible for us to organize armies capable of withstanding the shock of German assaults? Our army is beginning to answer this question. It is morally equal to the task before it. When our millions take the field, it will be as one of the most formidable of military organizations. Neither foes nor friends will charge America with lack of virility and fighting spirit.

In what pertains immediately to the armed conflict, America is standing the test. She is successfully solving the problems of unity, of industrial efficiency, of economic control, of military training. She might still be losing her democratic soul. Intolerance of minority opinion, blind hatred for whatever even remotely recalls past relations with enemy peoples might be steadily undermining our morale as a free people. This was the fear of many thoughtful persons at the outset of our belligerency: it has not yet been quieted. A misrepresentative press and a witch-burning fraction of our society still need careful watching by those who hold our national honor precious. But all the evidence at hand indicates that the real American people are taking the war with increasing resolution and good sense. The hysterical campaigns against supposedly universal espionage of some months ago, with their consequences, the mobbing of alleged German sympathizers, could hardly be repeated now. The American people simply can not be whipped into the delusion that any considerable number of our citizens are disloyal. Our prophets of evil have been warning us against a wave of mob outrages when the casualty lists came in. They are coming in now, and where are the instances of American communities turned into raging beasts? Day by day the danger grows less that the honorable record of our men in the field may be sullied by the cowardly violence of civilian mobs at home.

We entered the war with the most honorable object in the world: to overthrow brute force and to vindicate right among nations. But history is replete with wars in which belligerent objectives have undergone rapid evolution for better or for worse. How does it now stand with the American objective? It is clearer and more widely accepted than at any earlier day. Men who at first sneered at a world made safe for democracy now believe in it without reservation. What the war may still bring forth no man may predict. The recent exhibitions of German strength threaten a long struggle, and the course of a long war can not be charted with certainty. But America's faith in the principle of internationalism and her readiness to stake her whole resources upon its realization presage that in the field of international policy also America will meet the test of war.

Politics and War

POLITICAL leaders and publications that have any influence upon American public opinion would do well to consider whether a different kind of guidance from that which they have exercised during the past year is not now becoming desirable. The United States entered the war after so much hesitation and with so many misgivings that in the beginning a prodigious concentration of the popular will upon the preparations for military victory may well have been required as a matter of moral economy. In any event there has been exerted the whole force of an extraordinarily powerful and well organized propaganda for the purpose of arousing the American people to the size of their military job, and one tendency of this propaganda has been to associate the maximum emphasis of the military aspect of the American contribution to the war with a neglect and even a disparagement of the political aspect. Whatever may have been the original justification for an exclusive emphasis of this kind, it has certainly ceased to be serviceable or even safe. It is now incurring the danger of falsifying the constructive objects of the war in the minds of the American people, and of dividing American public opinion from the better public opinion in France and Great Britain.

There can unfortunately be no doubt about the increasing divorce between the spirit of war opinion in Great Britain and France and its spirit in this country. France and England have been fighting

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almost three times as long as we have. During the first two years the French and British people felt much as we do now, but during the last year they have changed. Because they have purchased at such a terrible cost a knowledge of what the fighting means, they are less inclined than formerly to abstract war from politics or military from political victory. Yet that is precisely what the prevailing strain in American opinion insists on doing. American propaganda pays lip homage to the programme of international organization which President Wilson has established as the most important of American war aims, but even those people who are professionally interested in organizing a peace league are willing to repudiate during the war the use of political weapons and the spirit of political accommodation. It is no wonder, consequently, that newspapers such as the New York Evening Sun are betrayed into the suicidal violence of such statements as these: "No sane person cares what Germany's peace terms may be. It is of no consequence; it does not matter what she wants. The only terms are unconditional surrender."

Among the insane people who have recently declared a lively interest in German peace terms are both President Wilson and Mr. Arthur Balfour. Another Allied statesman whom the New York Sun consigns to the mad-house is General Smuts. "I deeply regret," he declared recently in a speech made in Glasgow, "the disclosures that have been made [about the negotiations through Prince Sixtus] because if this war is to end ultimately, it will be necessary from time to time for the combatants to try informally to get in touch with one another. When, many years ago, I was Attorney General to President Kruger, I was a very young man and inclined, of course, to be very aggressive. He told me that the way to deal with your opponent was to smack him hard on one cheek and rub him gently on the other. *This war is much more than a military war,* and we shall have to use our diplomacy and all the other forces at our disposal in order to bring it to a victorious end. The highest objects of peace will be secured not only by the gallantry of our armies but by the weapons of our diplomacy." In this passage General Smuts endorses unequivocally the relationship between political and military weapons in winning the war, for which the New Republic has persistently contended. Will American militarists accuse him of furtive propaganda in favor of a German peace?

French testimony in favor of keeping political discussion and values alive even during the rigors of the present offensive is no less emphatic. In a recent article L'Homme Libre, the personal organ of Premier Clemenceau, also applies for a berth in the Evening Sun's insane asylum. "We do not want to permit his [German] militarism to say that it is we who are systematically opposed to peace. It is this trap which must be avoided. We must not furnish to the generals of the Kaiser the excuse for justifying to the eyes of their strangely abused peoples a prolongation of their misdeeds. Let Germany speak. We are ready to listen. . . . From such an inquiry only good can result for us. Our hands are clean. Our cause is just. We want nothing but a just and lasting peace. We shall see if such a peace is proposed to us." No less emphatic is the testimony of the Journal des Débats, which is one of the most conservative French newspapers. "Neither France nor any of the Allies has any interest to serve in refusing point blank any suggestion of peace. On the contrary it is essential that we should be seen from within and without to be continuing the struggle with the object of achieving a just peace. If the opportunity occurs for us to show how we understand this peace, we ought to seize it. We have often expressed regret that the Allies haven't published their general ideas on this subject, which should be of a nature to strengthen us within and assure us of valuable aid from without. Our moral weapons are exceedingly powerful. We should know how to make use of them. Don't let us fear to enter discussion as to the conditions of peace. Rather let us seek them." These expressions of opinion by two of the most authoritative French newspapers read as if they had been written for the purpose of exposing the raw militarism implied by the emphasis which so many Americans place upon the exclusive use of military weapons.

No perversion of the Allied cause could be more flagrant and more deadly than the passage which we have quoted from the Evening Sun. The strength of that cause has consisted from the start in the opportunity of using as an agency of victory those political weapons which German militaristic statecraft placed in the hands of Allied statesmen. It was because these political weapons were not used or were put to poor use that a German "peace offensive" became possible at the end of 1916. The Germans themselves finally defeated their own offensive and made the cause of the Allies once more morally and politically impregnable by the Brest-Litovsk treaties. After this exposure of German political maleficence a German peace offensive could become dangerous only on two conditions. One would be a weakening among the Allied nations of the power of moral and physical resistance and an increasing willingness to accept a German peace. The other would be a suspicion on the part of the workers in the Allied countries that their governments were refusing to consider

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an equitable adjustment in order to put over a less equitable adjustment under the cover of military victory. The one perfect way to increase to the maximum the possible seriousness of these two dangers is to refuse all discussion of proposed peace terms and to insist on unconditional surrender. The one perfect way to reduce these two dangers to the minimum is to follow the advice of the Journal des Débats and encourage discussion of the conditions of peace. For the inevitable consequences of such discussion would be to increase among the people of the Allied countries the determination to refuse a German peace and to insist on one which provided for the present and future security of nations.

The difference in policy and spirit is one of critical importance. We Americans are still untouched by the war-weariness, which is the most conspicuous fact of popular psychology all over Europe and which is certain to increase as soon as the fighting of this summer comes to an end. It is well that we are still fresh, resolute and powerful, because American determination to win and the huge volume of still unimpaired American military resources form the surest guaranty of ultimate Allied victory. But the American determination to win may fail of effect unless it is expressed in a manner which takes account of European weariness and exhaustion. In all European countries there is an increasing proportion of the propertied classes who are becoming apprehensive of the social disintegration which another eighteen months of war will work. In all European countries a pacifist movement is also gaining headway among the wage-earning classes. According to the London correspondent of the New York Tribune, a candidate who ran for Parliament on a platform of peace by negotiation was beaten only by a few hundred votes in a total poll of ten thousand. Few of these people would actually accept a German peace, but all of them wish some kind of peace and they wish to be sure no opportunity is missed of securing an un-German peace. The policy of unconditional surrender which is so popular in the American press affects them with despair and repulsion. Their allegiance and their moral courage can best be kept alive by repeated demonstrations of the impossibility of any proposed German terms and by a public joint statement of an acceptable inter-Allied peace programme. But if they become possessed of the idea that the war is to be prolonged by their American associates, regardless of its accumulating costs and in spite of all German peace proposals until Germany unconditionally surrenders, it will be their willingness to make a weak peace which will be encouraged rather than their determination to fight on for a strong peace.

Housing the War Workers

IN February Congress appropriated fifty millions for housing those war workers who are building our merchant ships, and the spending of this sum was assigned to the Shipping Board. The President has wisely decided that the Housing Division of the Department of Labor shall have charge of the spending of the late appropriation, sixty millions, which Congress has made available for housing all other war workers, with the provision that ten millions shall go toward housing the clerical workers in Washington.

These are large sums. They are not so large as the housing problem, which was never so difficult or so acute in this country as it is today. We borrowed an industrial system from Europe, and have speeded it up until we have reproduced the same congestion and slums which European countries have been trying weakly to grapple with for the last three decades. Nothing else could have made our housing problem so urgent as the war has made it. The millions appropriated must be spent, in the first place, so as to provide houses enough and of the right kind to hold all workers needed to secure a maximum output of every war necessity. These undertakings, in the second place, must be so conducted as to increase as much as possible our knowledge of how to solve our continuing housing problem after the war, for it would be sheer stupidity to assume that we shall be permitted much longer to postpone that duty which every other leading nation has recognized as one affecting the whole life of its people.

The misfortunes which have so far attended our progress in providing houses for war workers are due almost entirely to our inability to see the problem as a social one. We have been blind to all but its economic aspect. In our eyes a house was a house; a commodity subject to the laws of supply and demand; a thing which gave a landlord his right to the highest rent, and which the tenant had to accept, no matter what its condition, and as to which the prime consideration was not the quality of life possible in it but its financial return to the owner. Having so long seen houses as property, and not as possible causes of congestion, was it to be expected that we should on a sudden, when confronted with a war shortage in houses, begin to see our problem with clear eyes?

As soon as the danger of a shortage became evident, every man owning tenement house property was at once frightened almost out of his wits. What, he asked, would the government do? Would it establish such a new standard in houses as would jeopardize or ruin his investment? Would it embark upon some Utopian scheme that would upset

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all the machinery to which he was used and in which he had confidence? How in the world was it possible that we had to build houses in order to win the war? We had already begun to build so many new things—ships, aeroplanes, docks, warehouses, nitrate plants—and now somebody wanted houses. Why not tents for workmen, or bunk-houses, or shacks, or old freight-cars? Why not solve the problem by transportation? There must be plenty of empty houses somewhere. Surely we could find a place to put workmen, and surely the workmen would not care what kind of place it was, so long as they were working for their country.

In truth, we were as unprepared to deal with this question as to put five million men in France in a month. A great national ferment was necessary, costly as it was. We had to learn to think of houses in new terms. The problem had to be spread out, turned over, examined and surveyed. Most of these things were done in excitement and yielded conclusions which are now pretty generally known to have been stupid. The calmer pronouncements of those to whom the problem came as an old acquaintance, were hooted and jeered. But in the end, after long months, the turbid waters have slowly cleared, and the simpler basic elements of the task are becoming apparent to the nation at large.

To the administrators of the housing appropriations a great opportunity has opened. Selfish interests are still striving so to steer the government's expenditures for houses that there shall be no damage to present slum property and every opportunity for a huge speculative profit at the government's expense, after the war. This will not relieve the government's servants from the wrath of the nation, if it finds that the primary purpose of relieving war congestion has been sacrificed to protect selfish ends. What the country now expects of these administrators is courage, a high resolve, a steadfast purpose, eyes to see and the will to do.

There is no doubt that certain sinister selfish interests have been trying to have their way with the organizations of the housing divisions of the Department of Labor as well as of the Shipping Board. The constant vacillations of policy, the endless countermanding of orders, the ceaseless interruptions of projects which forever start and stop, all indicate the adroit hand which opposes everything which seems likely not to yield a favor in some quarter. But public opinion is asking with growing insistence questions that require an answer. Why are not the houses built? In the face of the crisis on the western front, who dares play with the fate of our soldiers or with those of our Allies? What do the long delays mean? Who is responsible? Why should there be two housing departments of the government? Why should two organizations be dealing with the same problem in the same community? What does it all mean?

By asking questions such as these public opinion is welding together those forces which are opposing every attempt to have the housing appropriations spent so that somebody shall make a profit at the government's expense. At the present moment we seem to have reached a point at which neither side, neither the selfishly interested nor the disinterested, is strong enough to overthrow the other. Action is almost stifled. But the end is not in doubt, nor will it be long deferred.

Those who administer the government's appropriations for building these houses for war workers may well look upon their task as one which can make the greatest possible contribution toward the betterment of our social and economic life. From infant mortality to tuberculosis, from mother's pensions to old-age insurance, there is scarcely a problem which is not deeply rooted in the problem of housing. By making the need of houses for workers urgent the war has forced us to consider what proper housing is and what the lack of it implies. Never again shall we be so blind as we have been for a hundred years. We shall not continue to follow that path which European nations, even before the war began, had determined to leave. The way which administrators in the Shipping Board and in the Department of Labor decide to follow will probably lead to the cooperative idea, as expressed in the United States by the phrase Self-Owning Community, and in England by Copartnership Tenants. Although the principle is almost unknown in this country, except to a small body of students who have studied the developments of the last thirty years, there can be no doubt that we shall ultimately adopt it, for it is simple, economically sound and socially just.

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Political Rationalism and Military Success

The article which follows is selected from the introductory matter of Mr. Norman Angell's forthcoming book, The Political Conditions of Allied Success: A Plea for the Protective Union of the Democracies. Its general thesis is indicated in these terms:

"If we scattered democracies are to use our power effectively against a group of states geographically contiguous, and unified militarily and politically by the predominant power of one member, we must achieve a unification equally effective. In our case that can only come through the voluntary cooperation of equals — a democratic internationalism. That unity we have not attained, even for the purposes of the war, because we have refused to recognize its necessary conditions . . ."

One of the conditions he declares to be rationalism of public temper, and the conservation of the habit of contradictory discussion, so apt to be submerged in war time. Without that it will be impossible for our Alliance, made up of twenty diverse nations, to create any real unity of aim and purpose; the very foundations of military success will be insecure.

ONE of the first questions we have to answer is this: Can an alliance of democracies wage war successfully if its public opinion yields unrestrainedly to the desire for emotional indulgence, and discards the spirit of political rationalism? Can patriotic feeling be a substitute for reasoned discussion?

In the early stages of a war, the moral issues of which are as clear as they are in this, it generally seems to most of us self-evident that the only opinion which matters is the public determination to go through to victory. To be convinced of the justice of our cause, to feel so intensely about it that there shall be no danger of any failure of national unity, these are assumed to be the moral essentials of success. You are for your country, or you are against it. As to war aims, the easiest definition is M. Clemenceau's: Victory. "Realizing the issues of the war" means understanding fully the perfidy of the enemy, and the righteousness of our own cause. Patriotic propaganda is conceived in those terms. Intellectual qualifications of any kind, or any attitude of enquiry, is taken as clear indication of defective patriotism. It is felt that the surest foundations of national solidarity and the safest guide to policy are to be found, not in discussion and argument, but in intense feeling; not in complex ideas but in simple emotions. As the movie advertisement of the war play says: "You can't put up a good fight until your blood boils. This film will make it boil." We feel that boiling blood is the best moral assurance of success. Such is the state of mind of most nations on first entering war.

There are very many situations in life, of course, in which this general attitude is essentially sound. A decision having been taken the part of wisdom is certainly not to go on discussing it; but to concentrate all energy upon carrying it through; and for that purpose the driving force of a fierce uncomplicated emotion may be invaluable.

But the experience of the last year or two has shown us that in wars fought by democracies, and particularly by democracies forming an alliance, new situations involving new decisions are repeatedly presenting themselves; and for making those decisions emotion is no guide. Emotion will carry you along the road when the road is chosen; but it will not necessarily help you to determine which is the right road. It may indeed be a most serious impediment to a sound decision. And even in the simpler kind of fight there is a degree of heat which may be disastrous. It is a recognized method in prize fighting to make your opponent lose his temper. The resulting hot-headedness may off-set superior strength or ability. The toreador manages to reduce an opponent twenty times his own strength by making that opponent literally "see red." And we have found that a war waged by a democracy, or, still more by an alliance made up of a group of different democracies, is by no means as simple as a prize fight. The "boiling blood" of an emotional public opinion may be at certain junctures a very disastrous handicap.

We make that discovery first in the matter of the various administrative problems of the war. Is the government doing the right thing in the matter of finance, munitions, ships, labor, conscription, food, transportation, fuel; or the strategy of war itself. There may grow up an "eastern" party and a "western" party. We have all the same object about these things, but we find ourselves in sincere — and generally violent — disagreement about them. The people who in the early stages of the war were in favor of a "truce to discussion," who reminded us that the time for words had passed and the time for action come, who disparaged "talk" and demanded the *union sacrée*, are generally the first to depart from their own rule. The very intensity of conviction which goes with "boiling blood," the quick and violent resent-

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ment of opposition, make the adjuration to "stop talk and get on with the war" a slogan not of union but disunion. For each faction is certain that their way is the only way to get on with the war, and that it is the others who must stop the talking. Meantime, while demanding that talk stop, they not only talk a great deal, but with the very highest patriotic motives organize newspaper agitation and engage in congressional or parliamentary campaigns against their rivals. We saw the same thing, of course, in the administrative problems of the Civil War, but the matter is very much more complex now because the administrative problem touches not only this government but those of the Allies as well, and finally involves the political relations with those Allies.

Experience shows that the political relations between the Allies become very rapidly a second great group of problems in which decisions are quite impossible in terms of mere patriotic feeling. What should be our relations to the Russian revolutionists? Ought we to recognize the Bolsheviks? What of Irish conscription? What power should be given to the Versailles Conference? What is the wise attitude with reference to Japan? Ought she to be encouraged to go into Siberia or not? And these questions bring up certain others. How far is pressure upon Greece or Holland expedient? Is it wise to differentiate between Austria and Germany? Should the revolutionary movement of the Jugo-Slav and other subject nationalities of the Austrian state be encouraged? To what extent, for that purpose, should Italian aims be limited? Should war be declared upon Bulgaria and Turkey? What should be the American attitude to Allied Labor and Socialism? Quite obviously all these questions demand something more than "boiling blood."

And they themselves involve a third group of questions: ultimate war aims and peace terms. Our relations with the Russian Revolution—to say nothing of those with Japan, Italy, and the Jugo-Slavs—turned really upon the nature of our aims and what the Alliance was standing for. The whole Russian problem demonstrated that aims and methods cannot be separated; that opinions concerning them may work almost unconsciously in the public mind and affect the direction of policy and the unity of our Alliance. Even definite military success might be undone at the peace table if we should there disagree as to our future aims; for the enemy would know that his temporary defeat could later be "corrected" as against a Europe hopelessly divided against itself. The position of Russia alone might decide the future in Germany's favor.

We are faced by this overwhelming fact: that while, during three years, we have been impatiently disparaging "political strategy," the enemy has been using it to such good purpose, that he has been able, by virtue of it, completely to offset the inferiority of the sum total of his resources; and if we could imagine his winning it would be a political success, based mainly on the alienation of Russia from our Alliance.

The history of the past four years suffices to show that we shall again and again be faced by situations in which wise action will depend, not upon our feelings but our judgment. To "remember the Lusitania" does not help *us* to decide whether it is wise for Japan to occupy Siberia; the appeal to "stop talk and get on with the war" really does not answer the question whether Mr. Gompers should or should not identify his organization with the policy adopted by the British Labor party.

Let us examine a moment the war experience of England in this matter. At the beginning of the war the feeling against public criticism of the government or its policy was intense. Such public men as attempted anything resembling it were indeed driven from public life for a time, mainly by the influence of the group of papers controlled by Lord Northcliffe. We know what happened finally. The very government, which was to be immune from criticism, was driven out and replaced by another, largely as the result of the criticisms of Lord Northcliffe's papers.

Now whether we take the view that that result was good or bad, we justify public discussion. If the result was good, if the war was being mismanaged, the country was saved by virtue of public discussion—by virtue of abandoning the rule of silence. If we take the view that the result was bad, we have a case where a government found it impossible to resist the intervention of public judgment, although it must have known that judgment to be wrong. And if it was wrong, it must have been because it judged on an insufficient knowledge of the facts and made wrong conclusions concerning them; because, in other words, public discussion was not full, had not all the facts, did not hear all sides. Either verdict pushes one to the conclusion that the public will judge either with or without the facts and opportunity for free discussion; and that the part of wisdom is to see that that discussion is as full and well founded in fact as possible.

It may be said: "That establishes the case for the full public discussion of the government's administrative capacity because all parties to the discussion are agreed upon the ultimate aim—the winning of the war. But no purpose is served by the discussion of war aims and peace terms during the war; or by tolerating veiled sedition."

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But in fact the case for full discussion of aims and policy is even clearer than the case for public discussion of the government's administrative capacity. . . . It is notorious that the British government were carried against their better judgment into policies like that of the Paris Economic Conference, by the pressure of a public opinion created so largely by the practically unchecked influence of the more reactionary press—an influence unchecked because for a long period the liberal press had been terrorized into relative silence. Fear of charges of "pro-Germanism" prevented criticism of any policy, however unwise, which implied "punishment" of Germany. Incidentally when we suppress an obscure Socialist paper, the importance of the act is not in that suppression, but in the effect that it has upon the conduct of much more powerful papers who prefer to avoid any discussion, however useful or necessary, which partisan temper could misrepresent as "unpatriotic." Papers naturally prefer to avoid risks of running at all counter to the prevailing public temper—and this preference doubtless extends to government officials and to juries. The liberal press becomes silent, and control of opinion passes to those papers that appeal to the impulsive, instinctive, rather than to the reflective element.

And yet, as we have seen, the job of those of us, civilians, who are left behind and do not have to go over the top and do the bayoneting, is ultimately to direct policy. If the government is going wrong we correct it, or replace it, and whether we intervene wisely or not depends upon this state of feeling. We must remember that the public passes upon policies, and makes a choice between them, not by a cold intellectual analysis of each case, but by virtue of a general state of mind and temper prevailing at the time.

It is already being brought home to America. Not long since the New York World wrote:

"If there is any better way to convince the French and British that we lack the self-control and the discipline necessary to see this conflict through we do not know it. If there is any surer way of giving encouragement to the Germans, we do not know it. If there is any shorter way to lose the war, we do not know it."

Of whom was that written? Of Senator La Follette, of Mr. Hillquit, of the editors of the Masses? Not at all. Of Senator Chamberlain, and a group in the legislature whose motives are without any doubt whatsoever those of the intensest patriotism.

Emphasis has been placed upon the Russian situation in these pages because it is evident that we have not learned its lesson. The forces which produced the Russian Revolution—a striving of the mass after entirely new social and economic conditions—are at work in all the European countries. Any one who cares to study the report of the sub-committee of the British Labor party will realize that it expresses the same motives of determination to bring about deep and fundamental change that wrought the upheaval in Russia. The process of change in England will not, of course, be marked by what we have witnessed in Russia. The ferment will work differently; but it will work.

What is the attitude of the American democracy as represented by organized American labor towards that widespread European movement? It is pretty much the attitude which British public opinion, as a whole, took towards the Russian radical groups, a year or two ago. American Labor seems disposed to take the ground that the British Labor party is "pro-German" and "defeatist," and for that reason to refuse real cooperation. In just such a way were the most powerful forces in Russia misunderstood and alienated.

We may hope that any deep rift between the American and European democracies in this matter may be avoided. But in this, as in other respects, it is evident that we have not yet laid firmly the foundations of our Alliance, in the sense of deciding its common purposes: whether or not, for instance, the purposes of Great Britain are those of the Labor party, and France and Italy those of the Socialists. What is to be the American relation generally to the conflicting claims of the various parties in Allied—to say nothing of enemy—countries? The decisions in these problems cannot wisely be made by intense emotionalism, a public violent-mindedness; nor can the problems they imply be solved by hiding them or pretending that they do not exist.[1]

NORMAN ANGELL.

[1] The ebb and flow of these feelings is illustrated significantly by the relations between American and British organized labor. Early in 1916, Mr. Gompers sent to a British Trades Union Congress a proposal that after the conclusion of peace an International Labor Conference should be held at the same time as the Peace Conference of the belligerent governments. The British Laborites refused to consider the proposal for a moment. "Shall we consent," asked one of the delegates "to shake hands with the pirates and devils who have murdered our mates?" (It was overlooked that at the proposed period of the meeting—that of the *official* Peace Conference—representatives of the British government would be "shaking hands" with the representatives of the German government in any case.) The proposal was snowed under.

Just two years later these same British Trades Unionists pronounce in favor of meeting with German radicals *during the war*. And it is Mr. Gompers who then turns down the proposal, and American Laborites justify that course with exactly the argument and language used by their British comrades two years previously.

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Y. M. C. A. and A. E. F.

A DETACHMENT of seasoned American troops recently moved to the heart of the great battle. It was several weeks en route and a contingent of Y. M. C. A. secretaries with sixteen motor trucks accompanied it all the way. When the men got out of the trains on the first stage of their journey they found hot chocolate and tobacco waiting; when they camped after a day's march on the ground, in barns, in those little pointed tents that look so much more picturesque than they feel, hot chocolate again and open air movies were on tap.

They were only just settled in their final area when I drove through with the Chief Secretary. Yet every village where any important number of troops was billeted, in reserve or en repos, had a canteen in full blast. When we asked where the "Y" was, the first soldier always knew—though he generally did not know the name of the village—and told us with a welcoming grin. The rearward villages were perhaps less battered than those in some other parts of the War Zone; but like all places inhabited by soldiers for nearly four years, they were dirty and stripped of all civilian resources. So the Y. M. C. A. secretary—boots and hands like a private's, hat on the back of his head—was always a cheerful figure to come upon, as he sold his little stock of chocolate and crackers in some barn or farmhouse behind the traditional manure pile, and doled out writing paper and Hood River apples—"real American apples"—to swarming crowds of our hungry soldiers. Already a few of the mobile tents were up: fine tents lined with white, with windows in their sides which made excellent assembly rooms; movies, phonographs, tables and chairs would soon be installed. One resourceful secretary (an ex-minister) had got a bath going; a battered tin tub rescued from a backyard and set in a tiled kitchen, stove that had once heated water for laundry purposes, a detail of two soldiers to keep up the fire, cart the water (in rusty pails rescued from the roadside) give "back scrubs" on request, empty and clean the tub—this was the organization. Baths were twenty minutes long and ten cents apiece, booked three days ahead by officers and men alike.

In the forward villages under constant shell fire, the secretaries were installed in dug-outs, always crowded with men eating and writing last letters—I saw the trucks that carry supplies to these dangerous forward posts and hot chocolate to the trenches starting out under cover of dust from a semi-bombarded town. Then I went back to the one canteen in this area where two Y. M. C. A. women had been allowed to penetrate, intrinsically no different from any of the others—just a part of a refugee's house—it yet stood out, transformed from a store into a home by a poster and a piece of chintz and two girls in blue and grey. Uniforms were being repaired. Fudge was being cooked. A phonograph was playing. Officers and men both, with the tension all gone out of their faces in spite of the terrific echo in the air, were sitting around, talking and talking. Next day I had a chance at the field ambulance to see what the same two women could do for gassed and wounded who, because of the nearness to the front, had no women nurses to care for them. The net result of my two days was a realization that the Y. M. C. A. has not merely made good on the American front, but has become an absolutely indispensable and indigenous part of the army. Meagrely equipped like the army itself because of the necessity for mobility, the few creature comforts and diversions it offers are here almost incalculably precious; and its personnel, subject to some of the same rigors and dangers as the army, reaps quite disproportionate human and spiritual reward from this fellowship in arms.

That is of course why every Y. M. C. A. man or woman is always hungrily longing for a forward post. Yet the work in the rear is humanly scarcely less important—more important from the standpoint of health and morals—because amusements, personnel, canteen, are competing with boredom, with life lived at a lower tension than at the front, with local resources of a sometimes unhealthy kind. As I think of the American line of communications, the "Y" stands out as an essential and a piquant part of the picture. Here are the base ports with their docks, railroad shops, hospitals, camps; this means for the Y. M. C. A. huts for stevedores, barrack canteens, nurses' huts, officers' clubs and hotels, cafeteria, golf clubs, athletic fields. Here are the Staff Headquarters towns; they mean additional facilities for officers such as the beautiful B— Gardens just opened at X— where tennis courts, flowerbeds, garden seats surround an open-air theatre and a great, cool, dignified house, with billiard and card tables, reading and writing rooms which will do much to make summer evenings pleasant for men confined by long office hours. Here are the camps of all kinds and descriptions, with their huge barrack huts. Here are the training and billeting areas where peasant cottages, transformed by paint or whitewash, give the private from Arizona or Massachusetts a chance to stretch his legs by a warm stove, tune up a banjo, and forget he is 5,000 miles from

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home; and stables provide stages to welcome the Y. M. C. A.'s most striking popular success with the A. E. F., Miss Elsie Janis. Here finally is the leave area—Chambéry, Aix-les-Bains—where our privates may spend seven days every four months at the expense of the government, and the Y. M. C. A. is charged to make them happy—no small charge; for leave in France or England means supremely a sight of one's family—by transforming a series of princely hotels and casinos in a fine circle of mountains to democratic playground uses.

To provide "sane amusement," physical education, religious services, educational classes and lectures and post-exchange facilities for all the multifarious species of American manhood in this so foreign scene is a staggeringly large one. The central supply system of the post-exchanges is now under the direction of first-rate American business talent. The religious work is directed by liberals like Bishop Brent and Dr. Harry K. Fosdick. The educational work—which includes hundreds of French classes and lectures from English speaking French professors loaned by the French educational authorities—is under the guidance of American deans and college professors like Dean Stokes of Yale, Professor Erskine of Columbia, Professor Reginald Daly of Harvard, who are making elaborate plans for the demobilization period as well. In athletics the Y. M. C. A. draws its directors from its own model training schools which have furnished most of our best university and playground directors at home. Physical education has been put up to the "Y" by the army as a part of its programme of aiding military efficiency. During the period of reaction and rest which follows months in the line, games that provoke hilarity are encouraged. Mass athletics are practised in the training areas to improve the running and jumping power of the men: it was found that forty per cent of a battalion held back the whole number three seconds in jumping a trench, thus bringing them all under machine gun fire and doubling the casualties, and that seventeen per cent, unable to run twenty-two yards in thirty seconds, could "neither catch a German nor escape from one." Y. M. C. A. athletics correct these deficiencies under the guise of play.

The organization of amusement programmes is a whole chapter in itself. European talent, concert singers, pianists, etc., is utilized where possible; and the American theatrical profession is now, thanks to an inspection tour by E. A. Sothern and Winthrop Ames, being organized as a base of supplies for the Y. M. C. A. theatres in France. The plan is to secure professional talent, like Elsie Janis and the Craig players who are now rejoicing our troops with Baby Mine; and also to secure gifted amateurs, like the producers of the Hasty Pudding and Pi Eta shows, to develop local talent which will make our men self-sufficient at the front.

The Y. M. C. A. has strengthened the morale of the American soldier in France, helped him to bear home-sickness, danger and privation with fortitude and adapt himself to a country where man and nature, law, custom and language are all unfamiliar. The leaders of the society have shown flexibility, constructive thinking and organizing ability. They need almost unlimited resources. For a growing army destroys prudent calculation as a rising tide washes away castles in the sand. Take the question of mere equipment: it sounds simple to say that a division must have from twenty-five to thirty huts or canteens. But how many has the X— division had in six months? Not less than one hundred and sixty-six because it has moved four times. C'est la guerre!

Yet "la guerre" does not prevent the "Y" from being the most criticized as well as the most loved institution in the A. E. F. Its bitterest critics are men who have least reason ever to cross its threshold—the Europeanized highbrow who knows his way about, the man with a full purse, the officer with a caste prejudice. Private John Jones, a relatively simple person, for whom the institution was emphatically created, is on the whole very well satisfied. If he is a generous sentimentalist he calls the "Y" "the only smile in our lives"; if he is a kicker he tells you there is not enough popular music, that the movies are dull, and that Bull Durham runs out too fast. Two current criticisms, however, strike deeper: the "graft" of the post-exchanges, the calibre of the men secretaries.

The post-exchange is not run as philanthropy; neither is it run for gain; its prices are calculated to cover the expense of transportation. Hence the chief misunderstanding; for the so-called "Quartermaster's sales stores" charge transportation to the government and sell at wholesale. Bull Durham may thus be bought for two prices in one town. Sometimes three prices prevail: for to satisfy the vast demand of its patrons—demands which the Quartermaster with one store to a division only does not even pretend to meet—the Y. M. C. A. must in emergency buy at fancy French retail prices. A great effort is being made to standardize supply and prices and manufacture in Europe from American raw material. Would it not be a wiser policy for a society run by voluntary subscription, to sell at a considerable loss than to alienate the private?—and behind the front his prejudice is deep-rooted. At the front the secretaries give away hot chocolate and tobacco most liberally; and when pay-day is delayed, as not infrequently happens, it is understood that men in the camps will

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be supplied on a credit basis. Here as in every other instance the personality of the secretaries is the real crux of the situation—a second rate man, specially if unused to the responsibility of buying and selling, quickly acquires a reputation for meanness that reacts on the whole Association.

But why has the Y. M. C. A. any second rate men—men with the professional "glad hand," men small-minded and patronizing? It has no place for them, as the Chief Secretary says, and the proportion of such men is steadily decreasing. Possibly the Association has failed to cast off some of its ante-bellum traditions on the American side of the ocean. Anyhow the type of man it particularly needs in France still fails to volunteer in sufficient numbers. "We welcome," says the Chief Secretary, "those who have always worked for the Y. M. C. A. and many who have rightly had a prejudice against the Y. M. C. A." The old type of Y. M. C. A. secretary, as well as the old type of business man and professor, must burn all his bridges behind him to be of the largest usefulness. In fact only ten per cent of the total male personnel are former secretaries; ten per cent more are business men who have served on Y. M. C. A. boards; twenty per cent are ministers; ten per cent teachers, and the remaining fifty per cent are miscellaneous citizens of all sorts and kinds. The Y. M. C. A. has imported up to date 1,589 men and women, 300 of whom are working with the French army—in the "Foyer du Soldat." This personnel must grow at the rate of 500 a month to keep up approximately with the demand of the army. Men of draft age, including ministers, are debarred unless physically disqualified; and contrary to popular superstition there is no religious qualification. Undoubtedly religious-minded men with liberal views are peculiarly acceptable to the board, but the non-religious are also welcome, provided they are tolerant enough to meet a religious doubt or request for a Testament (such requests are far from infrequent at the front) with sympathy.

The women workers of the Y. M. C. A. are also drawn from all types and conditions of American society; college graduates, professional women, girls and women of the best leisure class, girls from humble homes, mothers. They are by no means all stars but to the woman observer they seem, by and large, decidedly above the average of the men in breadth of sympathy, perception, intelligence, and also in plain capacity; and it is certain that if a vote on the subject were taken today in the A. E. F., the response of the enlisted army and of the officers who patronize the Y. M. C. A. would be overwhelmingly to the same effect. The pressing demand for women workers that comes to the Paris office from the men secretaries themselves, the outpouring of speech, or the dumb adoration with which the private greets the "honest-to-goodness American girl" is striking proof of what coeducation and equality of opportunity have done for our American civilization—even without the suffrage! These heroes who departed in such masculine wise pine for the healthy companionship to which they are accustomed—healthy it is even here, not debilitating but bracing, as the growing conversion of the most sceptical camp commanders of the old school begins to testify. The camp which has Y. M. C. A. women and the camp which has none differ as the poles in moral tone as well as in atmosphere.

For both men and women workers a spirit of service and self-sacrifice is a sine qua non. One male secretary recently "canned" complained that there was no place in the Y. M. C. A. for "a man of culture with a message"—"all you need is day-laborers." Every worker must in fact be prepared to labor with his or her hands and to forego personal comfort. But this is not enough. Initiative and personality are also necessary. It is an uphill fight for the unresourceful to transform a bleak barrack hut into a popular and attractive gathering place, and it is not too much to say that the success or failure of such a hut as a source of military energy and morale is altogether a matter of the personality of its staff.

The Association is run on a semi-military basis. At the top sits the very wise Paris Board which includes two able young American women who have had much to do with the success of the Y. M. C. A. in France. Each army corps has an organizing secretary. Under him comes the divisional field secretary who travels from one canteen to another; under him in turn the local field secretaries with their men and women assistants. Women are therefore, except so far as the Central Board goes, at the bottom of the hierarchical scale and when they are more able than their immediate superiors, as occasionally happens, difficulties sometimes arise. The present writer is not suggesting that the Y. M. C. A. should be entirely feminized, though she does feel that there are few duties which the men fulfill behind the front line trenches that could not be equally well performed by women. But this seems supremely a common opportunity in which both sexes should share according to their several gifts at the front and in the rear. If, however, more American women than American men are available as recruits—women with youth and vitality and resilience—why not in future accept the women in at least equal numbers and give them equal responsibilities?

Nobody of either sex is too good for the opportunity. As one big business man wrote to another

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who proposed to abandon his business if he could find a job worthy of his sacrifice: "The smallest job with the Y. M. C. A. is the biggest opportunity you ever had." The testimony of Y. M. C. A. workers to the value of their work is overwhelming. Many a dry as dust teacher has been freed from his desk forever; many a minister liberated from life-long inhibitions. At the front especially, inhibitions on the part of both soldier and secretary are apt to disappear. When a straight-laced clergyman crawls out through the barbed wire to your listening post to give you an apple you begin to think there may be something in God; when a fanatic who believes smoking and swearing to be a crime, finds his canteen invaded by a big push, he smokes forty-eight at a stretch to light the cigarettes of the wounded and rejoices to hear himself called a "hell of a fellar." The most important thing to remember, as between the sexes in the Association and between the Y. M. C. A. and other organizations, like the Knights of Columbus and the Salvation Army, is the plain and yawning need of the soldier of the A. E. F.—a need too great to admit of any petty jealousy. Nothing any of us, nothing all of us together, can do will really be enough.

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT.

The Crime of Detachment

LITERARY editors here and there have been saying frankly that they want no writing that does not deal with the war. In addition to the articles of information or discussion around the subject of the war that have appeared in periodicals established for general information and discussion, there have been appearing in the literary sheets more and more essays and stories and articles and poems bearing directly on the war; some of them good—a very few; some commonplace—old matter fitted to the occasion; some too poor ever to have had a chance of acceptance but for the times in which they appear.

In the colleges one hears talk of practical courses, the advisability of dropping for the duration of the war many of the courses in literature and theoretical science. Why Greek just now, or psychology, or logic, or poetry or drama, Plato or Dante? College seniors abroad write to their friends at home how life in the trenches is really living, how it makes them realize the superficiality of college days, days of trivial debate and easy drifting.

It is obvious, of course, that the sensation of the elemental is more easily vivid with shell-fire around, with death, violent heroism, elation, despair, triumph, and rotting flesh. But, after all, these things are in us in other times. In their quintessence they may be brought forth sharply by war's events; but it is an admission of his own thin living when the student speaks of the superficiality of other days. And these things that are found to be aroused by the vivid and patent actualities of war have been continuous in literature. Great literature is based on such continuities; it is the bridge between these eternal generalities and our actual moments. Its business is concerned mainly with them, to sublimate the incidental, the material, the patent actuality at hand in life, to extract the lasting essences. These are the times that try the soul of literature; and all aspiring literature has now to meet the test. It must show whether or not it can contain or express the magnificence that life now has a chance to set forth, despair, joy, devotion, loss, triumph. The things of the past, of peace, are to be tested now by the war, just as the things done during the war are to be tested in times afterward. Literature now is more vivid because its subject-matter, which is human living, becomes more vivid by reason of the war.

So far as college courses go let there be practical courses, certainly, where the war demands them; but let no one doubt the value of the rest. And in so far as they really contribute to the solution of the war these practical courses should come before everything in immediate attention. But this does not force other courses out. No such repression of interests and fields of growth can long continue except during personal crises. No man, much less a college man at the gates of life, can refrain very long from generalizing on events and things, from poetizing them, making them his very own. The other courses have still their place then. And if these courses were ever worth anything at all they are worth more now than ever before. For now they are filled out by the present, made more complete, more pressing, more applicable. If ever, then, Homer meant anything for us, he means more now in the midst of the simple splendors and the elemental emotions and motives of the war, the very things that make the life of his poem; Virgil's still and elegiac loveliness may have a larger meaning with the world in storm, with beauty pushed to another extreme, more strenuously heroic and less statuesque; Shakespeare with his seen and unseen worlds means more now that the world we live in is convulsed with action, with a vast complexity of motives and characters and types. And the world at war means more now because of Homer and Virgil and Shakespeare. Psychology now has a world for its laboratory; philosophy has to see its systems hold or fail; for they belong to the thing that underlies the war; and the war for its ultimate settlement hangs partly on them. This does not

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imply on the part of the college an impersonal and almost traitorous apartness, a superior sitting in judgment as the life of the world passes before its eyes. But it means that the college gives first the necessary material aid demanded from all men alike, and that then it does not waste itself and its opportunities by going into colonial hysterics about the Allies, but tries to steady itself and to bring to bear on the war all its thought, systems and accumulated knowledge in order to further an understanding of the forces now at work, to make more complete the bearing of the war on life, and to be in its turn made more complete by that study of the war, be educated, vitalized. With a college, as with a man, the full strength can be exerted only through control and direction, not in a chaos of energy. They have laid on them the intellectual noblesse oblige of all the high-souled past, and are at least among the guardians of the store of human experience. But some of the colleges have thrown all ballast overboard and have been like the Persian lady captain who in her excitement sank as many of her own ships as she did those of the Greeks.

As for the literary magazines it may be good business, of course, for the editors to stick to this immediate public interest; but the exclusive appeal in this direction is more justified in other magazines than the literary. It may be, after all, not primarily the business instinct; and the editor of the literary magazine may be quite sincere in his attitude. Editors are quoted as saying that they stick to the war for their material because they are unable to think of anything but the war. But how is it possible to think only of the war? You cannot think of the war without thinking in turn of the vast array of life and things involved in it. Thinking of nothing but the war means not thinking at all about the war, but only feeling. If that is true of an editor, his emotions are worthy, but he is not the man for his position. He should give up his editing and lead a band. Trumpets and tambourines and drums would better express his mood.

The natural leaning toward the expression of the immediate incident, the thing close at hand, is obvious. It has the charm of the kodak snapping a bit here and a bit there of the surface of life, the vivacity, excitement, action. But does any one go far with the kodak, or does the kodak stay in one's affections long, or in one's attention or one's sense of meanings? These things momentarily reflected were before and will be after the war, and the war only supplies a vivid and splendid impact and expression of them. So far as the magazine is literary it must remember that the function of literature precisely is not to be overwhelmed by the incidental detail, is to extract the lasting from the material taken in hand; as Shakespeare did in Hamlet's death scene, where only so much of the actual suffering flesh is indicated as will make convincing the significance of it all, the import and significance which are related to the blood and agony as our souls to our sensations.

Moreover the history of literature, as literary editors and scholars should know, shows that work of permanence has rarely implied a direct connection with the incident or material. The incident or material affects the main work rather in its shading, its nuance. And even where, as in the Iliad, for example, the attack seems more direct, the incident is used as an implication, a nuance on some universality; it becomes a modulation in a larger design. Without it the design is incomplete, and without the design it is limited or transient. The thing immediately at hand, then, affects the quality of the result: the gray is grayer by reason of the sadness, the shadow more poignant, the certainty less certain; passion may become more absolute and to itself because of the sense of change and of the cutting off of human ways. In the eyes of the man to whom the war is a brooding necessity, a sunrise may have an altered meaning, the meaning of death may be more elemental or more usual, or more cumulative, more casual and empty or magnificent. It is in this sense that the truest in literature is true to life. It lives and breathes in it; life and it are parts of one another's bodies; precisely as a man in the midst of sorrow or love shows it in the nature of his words, in his voice, his eyes, and not always in either chattering details or direct facts of it.

With some persons, then, it is precisely because they do feel the war deeply that they want, in addition to the necessary journalistic and statistical and discussional accounts of the war, a more truly literary embodiment of it. And they know that the part played by the college in the aim and direction of the war and in the settlement and later reconstruction, will lose nothing through studies in which culture, beautiful and passionately true, interprets the human spirit; that the college in the war will gain through those studies in which the subtler record of all finer tradition and experience is drawn upon for present application. Because they feel the war deeply these persons want the complete value of life brought imaginatively to bear upon it; they want the war related imaginatively to life and life to it. And sometimes they want to find distraction or relief or variation from it in other currents of living, in literature and study that does not mention the war at all but is of other things, in order—if for nothing else—that they may return to the war itself more fully and soundly, more worthy of its problem.

STARK YOUNG.

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Cooperative Meat

IT is sometimes necessary to kill the goose that lays the golden egg. In war, especially, we are likely to think that no need is so great as present need, and that, if we attend to it, the future will nurse itself. This reasoning seems to run through most people's idea of the meat problem. They see the unquestionable necessity for getting to our Allies the largest possible quantities of meat in the quickest possible way. They also see the danger of handing the big packers all the keys to America's pantry. But—the meat must go across, and if five big packers have all the freezing space to amount to anything, and the cars and the foreign trade in the past, then these facilities make them the only people with whom the government can deal.

This argument would certainly be invincible if we had to meet only a present emergency. But we dare take no chances. The policy to be considered is the one which will be the best now, and the next year and the year afterwards, and five years from now, if the war should continue. One danger in the concentration now going on is that a great strike in one of the packing-house centres would tie up all our exports, but the fact most clearly to be kept in mind is that success depends on increased production, and increased production depends on keeping the producer satisfied, or rather on making him so, for he certainly is not now.

The amounts of meat sold to the Allies are so enormous that the transactions can not help but affect the market and ultimately the producers and consumers. Unless the producer sits in and has a part in these gigantic sales he will not be satisfied no matter how justly prices are fixed. He will feel that the Allies are, in some way, forcing down the price. Unless he sees the difficulties of credit and the difficulties of the cuts, and all the other complications he will not be patient and production will suffer.

The producer of cattle is like any other man touched by the spirit of the times. He will not be satisfied until he too has some measure of representation. He does not want to leave it to some government functionary or to some combination of capital to determine what his wage shall be. In the control of the packers also, he wishes to have a voice. Sometimes he wants a stabilized market and sometimes he does not want it. Sometimes he wants prices guaranteed and sometimes he does not. Sometimes he does not know what he wants, but whatever occurs, he wants to have some sort of representation, and obviously he will never get this when all the power and the profits are heaped into the lap of Chicago. The discontent of the producer, whether farmer or factory worker, will never be allayed while his product is sold to an employer who can discharge him or who can fix the price on his goods arbitrarily.

All the straws point one way. The big packers can only be deprived of their power by the multiplication of small packing plants all over the country, and the producer's desire for representation can only be satisfied if these plants are run cooperatively. The stockman who sends in his meat should not have to send it the distance he now has to, and he should have a part in the proceedings and the proceeds of his plant.

The objection will come at once that what we are after is efficiency, not the happiness of producers, and that the very intricate machinery of the big packers cannot be duplicated by the small plants. This is only true for an unconnected system of individual small packers. Cooperatively managed, small units can do all the work of large units. They can do more. A study of Danish cooperative plants convinces one of this. There may be tremendous efficiency within, for instance, the plant of Swift and Company, but how much do Swift and Company do to improve the stock of hogs in any portion of the country? Does their accounting system cover the overhead of each particular farmer who sells them his product? Certainly not. But the Danish cooperative plant manager knows the kind of product that brings a profit; if it is a particular kind of hog, he and the government insist that every farmer raise that kind of hog. One is struck in Denmark to see hogs sent into the packing plant, every hog looking just alike, fed alike and practically bred alike. The whole business is standardized. Dairying, poultry and hog raising all work together. The product is sold in almost the same manner by great cooperative companies.

But besides telling the small packing houses of America to cooperate it is necessary to tell them how to exist. Their history is a sad one. Whenever they have been established they have come up against the monopoly of the market and against discrimination in the buying of live-stock. The records show that they are generally driven out of the market. It is easy to buy up cattle in their territory at a higher price than they can afford and then keep them from supplying their customers and actually make them buy from the big packers. In fact, in a strict sense, there are no small packers. They are either mere killers, selling their product to the big packers, or they exist on tolerance.

When the packing control was put under Mr. Joseph P. Cotton, the small packer was given a larger percentage of earnings so that he could get

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the capital necessary to run his business. But even this has not sufficed. In times when even the big packer has difficulty in getting capital the small one is in grave danger. He has scarcely any freezing capacity or cold storage or cars. Unless the government really aids him he will go under entirely, and a still more unhealthy concentration of foodstuffs will ensue. If the small packer cannot get capital he must be given it. If he has not enough freezing space the government must obtain it and rent it out to him, as it rents out the Washington Terminal Depot to the companies. The freight rates which now discriminate against small places should be changed so that these will not be at a disadvantage against Chicago. The long and short haul policy, in other words, must be amended. Then, after this, if the small packer has no good cars, cars must be built or furnished him.

By these means we shall have the small packer in a better position to function than he is now. We shall also have laid the foundation for cooperative organization. It can not be achieved all at once, but there are here and there a good many little cooperative plants, like those in Wisconsin at Wausau and Madison which, with encouragement from the government in the manner described, could be of great service in this crisis. They could easily be instructed to produce the goods desired by the government, and with a three or four years' start they would have done a great deal to increase production and to bring about a far healthier condition in the packing industry.

We must, of course, to meet the present emergency, keep our big plants running full tilt, but that should not hinder us from planning for the future. If production is to increase, the government must make up its mind that it has to deal with organized producers. In fact the government should insist upon their being organized, for it is obviously impossible to deal individually with ten million producers. It must deal with leaders who can transmit the message to their lieutenants and corporals and so to the rank and file. The larger the country, the acuter the need for agricultural organization. The greater solidarity of the people, the greater satisfaction of the people, will come with the greatest organization of the people.

In Russia today, the one stable element is the great cooperative organizations of the interior. In Ireland, the greatest safety for the future of Ireland lies (after Home Rule) in the ownership of land by two-thirds of the people, and in the cooperative organizations which have been built up by Sir Horace Plunkett. A man gets a training in voting in his cooperative organization which fits him for voting for civic officials. The perfection of the greatest efficiency can only be consistent with decentralization when there is a great organization of the producers.

The way of decentralizing the packers and still keeping their efficiency is the way in which the Danes have done it. It is useless to say Denmark is a little country. A state like Wisconsin is a little country. The packing houses are small units that can come under cooperative organization just as well as they can in Denmark. The greatest satisfaction of the producers of America will come by organizing the mass of small packing plants throughout America.

CHARLES MCCARTHY.

CORRESPONDENCE

"Tact and Consideration"

SIR: In an editorial published in the issue of May 25th you state that "with the expenditure of a little tact and consideration on the part of the government, the Socialist opposition to the war which began by being so formidable can be reduced to negligibility," and in proof of this assertion you cite a pro-war manifesto issued by thirty-five "more or less prominent" members of that party in Chicago.

This editorial illustrates with some nicety that it is impossible for anyone who is not a party member and familiar with the views of the rank and file in the organization to estimate with any accuracy what is in fact the strength of the "Socialist opposition to the war."

By the passage of an amendment to the Espionage law suggested by the government some weeks ago and signed by the President on May 21st, it is now a penal offense, punishable by a fine up to $10,000 and imprisonment for 20 years, to "utter, print or publish any *disloyal,* profane, scurrilous, contemptuous or abusive language about the form of government of the United States or the Constitution of the United States." By the same amendment the Postmaster General can debar from the use of the mails any person who *in his opinion* has violated any of the provisions of this act.

In a letter dated April 16th and published in the Congressional record, Mr. John Lord O'Brian, acting for the Attorney General of the United States, wrote to the Chairman of the House Judiciary Committee and urged the exclusion from the bill of a certain very important clause. It excluded from the operation of the act all persons who "publish or speak what is true, for good motives and for justifiable ends." With such a clause retained, argues Mr. O'Brian, it would be difficult for the Department of Justice to reach "propaganda of religious pacifism, i. e. opposition to the war on the ground that it is opposed to the words of God" and "propaganda . . . opposing the war on the ground that this war is one between capitalists and proletariat."

The exemption clause was in fact stricken out.

The only reasonable inference that can be drawn from the law and its official interpretation is an intent by the present administration to crush out any criticism of, or opposition to it by Quakers, Socialists, and others, regardless of the truth or sincerity or disinterestedness of their remarks. The wholesale and undiscriminating prosecution of Socialists by the Department of Justice, even before this

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amendment was passed, is further proof of the purpose of the present administration.

The plain and ugly fact is that the government is driving opposition underground.

When opposition is a penal offense its open expression will naturally decrease. But, what is more significant, its secret expression will increase, and the increase will be in a ratio considerably accelerated. Russia under the Tsar, and Prussia under the Iron Chancellor, are cases in point.

The New Republic may find other open expressions of Socialist support of the government. But let it not be deceived. The lack of open opposition may be due to another cause than that of which the New Republic has so far seen fit to mention.

As a matter of fact, the well informed know that an overwhelming majority of Socialist Party members are as true today to the principles of the International as they were last April when they ratified the St. Louis report. This majority is neither pro-German nor has it any intention of using force to obstruct the government. It is a legitimate and sincere political opposition.

Incidentally, the record of the Administration shows a dangerously small measure of that "tact and consideration" which the New Republic so wisely urges.

EVANS CLARK.

Let the Boys Do It

SIR: If the farmers are to raise in 1918 the crops so sorely needed at home and by the Allies, they must have help, especially at the time of harvesting. For, since the outbreak of the war, the farms have lost, it is estimated, through industry and the draft, about 600,000 hands. Hence the only source of supply now is in the towns.

One promising source of supply is in the high school boys. In the United States, according to the last census, are 5,000,000 boys from 16 to 21 years of age, few of whom pursue gainful occupations during their long summer vacations. These boys are strong enough to do, and intelligent enough to learn, farm work, but at present they lack training and organization.

This organization and training the United States Department of Labor seeks to supply in the Boys' Working Reserve. Any boy, 16 to 21 years of age, is eligible, if physically fit.

Last summer 100,000 boys worked on farms and orchards under Reserve auspices. In New Jersey 3,926 boys worked on farms. In Wisconsin 150 boys harvested a county's cherry crop. In Kentucky 121 boys picked 7,000 crates of strawberries. In Illinois boys from a Chicago Technical High School ran tractors and gas engines successfully, for they knew how to repair the machines when broken. In Utah the children in one school district spent four weeks' vacation caring for 4,500 acres of sugar beets; and 98 per cent of these children worked to the close of their vacation. In Arizona 129 boys hoed and thinned 25 acres of potatoes, 80 acres of melons, and 2,240 acres of cotton. In Idaho high school children, according to the State Director of Farm Markets, harvested $1,000,000 of fruit that would otherwise have rotted on the trees.

The boys in the Working Reserve are being trained to give intelligent aid to the farmer. In the high schools in Illinois and Indiana compulsory practical agricultural training has been introduced in the spring term. This course includes grooming, harnessing, driving, and feeding farm horses, care of swine and cows, handling of farm machinery (plow, wagon, mower, hoe, wrenches and other tools), care of corn and of the garden and the making of hay.

The members of the Boys' Working Reserve are also being trained in Liberty Camps. In Pennsylvania, for example, on the 1,000-acre farm at Pennsylvania State College two weeks' training is offered to 1,000 boys.

Inasmuch as the towns are the sole source of supply for agricultural help these days and these unskilled boys practically the only considerable force available for helping the farmer, it is important that the cooperation of the farmer be secured in this movement. Some unfortunate experiences with wholly untrained men and boys have led many farmers to feel that town boys and college men are not worth employing. Many farmers have taken the attitude that if they cannot get skilled help they will not take any. It is highly important that the farmer should see this matter in its true light. The food shortage will continue for many years. The supply of skilled farmers will become steadily smaller as the war proceeds. But if the farmers will take these young men already versed in the rudiments of farming and develop them as a manufacturer develops unskilled labor, they can have in a season or two an enormous army of fairly satisfactory farm-hands—an army far larger than any hitherto available.

As a matter of fact the present situation presents a golden opportunity for the farmer. Never in history have the people of a nation united to help any industry as they are now uniting to help the farmers. If the farmers will meet this movement in the proper spirit, it means a new era agriculturally for America.

LEWIS E. THEISS.

Muncy, Pennsylvania.

A Free State Daily Paper

SIR: Permit me to suggest to your readers what seems to me the most fundamental reform, while it is at the same time one that will appeal to all progressives.

As the major issue let us propose a state daily paper, free to every family — to every voter when not a member of a family — this state paper to have a monopoly of all advertising, thus making it self-supporting — and in which the news and editorial space will be divided between the various political parties, according to the vote of each at the last previous general election. Suppose the Republicans have 40 per cent of the vote, the Democrats 30 per cent, the Socialists 20 per cent, and the National party has 10 per cent. Then, if there are 480 inches devoted each day to news and editorials, let this space be divided pro rata among the several parties. Let it be edited by the executive committees of the several parties without censorship, but with responsibility. This would give every voter all sides of all questions. Other publications would, of course, be free to the mails, but could carry no advertisements. It would be inefficient to duplicate advertisements — as the consumer pays the advertising costs in all cases. Today we have not merely a national censorship, but a much more stringent big business censorship. With the next forward movement that puts radicals in power let us clip the wings of predatory wealth by creating a really free press. This will spike the enemy's guns for all time. I would like the names and addresses of those willing to help push along this fundamental measure.

W. H. KAUFMAN.

Bellingham, Washington.

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Books and Things

THOSE individuals who have led secluded or isolated lives, or who have hitherto moved in other spheres than those wherein well-bred people move, will gather all the information necessary from these pages to render them thoroughly conversant with the manners and amenities of society. That is not my sentence. It is copied verbatim from the preface to a middle-aged book I came across the other day—the fourteenth edition, published in 1887, of Manners and Rules of Good Society, or Solecisms to be Avoided, by a Member of the Aristocracy.

The age of the book is most apparent in its attitude toward women. Although the author says he writes "in these days of woman's emancipation," when "it may be argued" that "no possible harm or annoyance could arise from the fact of a lady riding unattended in the Row," he is manifestly of opinion that a wife is subordinate to her husband. Sometimes a wife who has accepted an invitation because it "was a verbal one, and refusal was not easy at the moment," discovers that her husband won't go. What is she to do? The author's answer is not very clear, except on one point, that the husband's disinclination is final and that the wife must get out of her difficulty as best she may.

When a wife is not doing something to please her husband she should be trying to please her guests. "A good hostess," we are told, "makes up for the brighter qualities in which she is lacking by her extreme consideration for her guests." It must be a dog's life, especially in households where the following is true: "If the host is of a sarcastic turn of mind, he never refrains from saying something the reverse of amiable to the hostess on her entrance." However, I admit that this last sentence has a gentler sound when read in its context.

It must further be admitted that in England, when a Member of the Aristocracy was flourishing and writing and letting his light shine, women passed many hours of each day undominated by man. But this blessing, though doubtless they would have voted for man's absence if they could have, appears to have been forced upon them. In the country, when man is shooting until dusk, "the ladies . . . are expected, as a rule, to amuse themselves, more or less, during the day." Let them not hope to go forth and lunch out of doors with man, for "keen sportsmen . . . resent the interruption caused by the presence of ladies at luncheon, and prefer to take it in the rough and smoke the while." Nor is man more sociable when his work is over. After a hard day's shooting or hunting he likes to smoke for a couple of hours in the evening: "Ladies are never expected to invade the privacy of the smoking-room, and those ladies who are masculine enough to do so offend against good taste, and their presence, if tolerated, is as unusual as it is undesired." Our Member of the Aristocracy, who writes this sentence in a tone of protesting correctness, seems unaware how good a world, judged from his own standpoint, he is describing. What more can one ask of any world than that all things undesired in it should be as unusual as they are undesired?

Our author's misogyny comes out strongest of all in these wistful words: "Certain houses and castles are gayer than others—to some, very few ladies are asked." No ladies, one guesses, were asked to the castles he built in Spain. Was he a deeply married man, do you suppose, the solitude-loving father of ever so many small, omnipresent and noisy Members of the Aristocracy? Or did he long hold out as a bachelor, only to fall at last, to regret his fall, to leave in his will an order to have cut upon his tomb the saying of the bitter and ancient Greek—"call no man unmarried until he is dead"?

What else was our guide in his day? A man of liberal mind, when he was not thinking of women. Some of his definitions breathe a spirit of modernity and tolerance: "By the word Gentry is included the landed gentry, all those belonging to the Army, the Navy, the Clergy, the Bar, the Medical and other professions, the aristocracy of Art, the aristocracy of Wealth, 'Merchant Princes,' and the leading City Merchants and Bankers." What have we Americans to complain of in a definition which would give almost all our most successful men the right to address Her Majesty as "Ma'am"? Nor is this Member of the Aristocracy a rigid stand-patter. His eyes perceive, his pen records, his heart is not hardened against Change. "In eating asparagus," he writes, "some elderly gentlemen still adhere to the fashion of their youth and hold the stalks in their fingers, but the younger generation cut off the points with a knife and fork." No blame is implied of either the newer fashion or the old. Yet how firm he can be when firmness is requisite: "Visitors are not expected to converse with the servants of their acquaintances, and should not enter into conversation with them." Now and then, when illustrating a general truth, his lucidity is perfect: "As for instance, a young duke would take precedence of an aged duke, if the title of the youthful duke bore an earlier date than that of the aged duke." Would that he had always written with this clearness! I regret to say that this is his high-water mark, just as the following, liable to misconstruction by hasty readers, represents him at his most obscure: "The fact of hanging up the hat in the hall proves that the owner [of the hat] is at home there [in the hall]."

Perhaps I have quoted enough to show that Manners and Rules of Good Society has already acquired a certain historical interest. This world of caste, revered and revealed by the Member of the Aristocracy, had changed a good deal even before the war. So I gather, at any rate, from English friends. And I have quoted enough, I hope, to prove that this book, like nearly all its fellows, is addressed to the wrong audience. "Those who have led secluded or isolated lives" will continue, in most cases, as they began. It is not from them that danger threatens persons who don't lead secluded lives, it is from one another. It is to one another that they are exposed, by one another that they are afflicted. To know the rules of the game is nothing, if that is all one knows.

Before sitting down to write a guide to the Manners and Rules of Any Society, Good, Indifferent or Bad, a man should make up his mind to look reality in the eye, sternly, relentlessly. He should admit the variety of our purposes upon entering whatever society we have been made free of. We may hope to attract notice or to escape notice, to take honors or to pass, to give and receive pleasure. But also, and not infrequently, however harmless we may have been at the beginning of an evening, our bosoms are swelling before dinner is over with a desire to give pain. Why should all our guides ignore this fundamental truth? Why do they not instruct us in the art of advancing stealthily to the net, and there cutting off, by sharp volleying, remarks which a tiresome talker fondly expected us to take on the bound? Much remains to be taught about the methods of self-preservation, in a society, called polite, by the judicious infliction of pain, at the right moment, upon the right party.

P. L.

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Marie Grubbe

Marie Grubbe, a lady of the seventeenth century, by Jens Peter Jacobsen. Translated from the Danish by Hanna Astrup Larsen. New York: Boni & Liveright. $1.50.

SOME day I hope to see a novel written about the present in the style of the historic past. When a novelist sits down to write about the past he has nothing but inanimate witnesses—houses, clothes, documents, legends—and it is the genius of historic novelists to communicate stiffness and mustiness to my lord the hero and my lady the heroine. What the effect of this would be on a modern instance I should very much like to know. Mr. Dreiser's figures have somewhat the manner of history. They seem to be utterly correct in their costumes and customs but considerably impeded by their documentation; and at times they have that fixed look of the carved turnip which is so usual in historic novels. But I should like the experiment to be more wilful than Mr. Dreiser's. I should like a novelist to hamper himself as much as possible with his paraphernalia, to clutter himself up with the details of examination-hall contemporaneity, to be absolutely certain when the Edison "incandescent" lamp became the electric light and when the good old gas jet became the incandescent. When a novelist had sufficiently mastered the history of asphalt pavement, Arrow collars, gasoline, subway tickets and ticket-choppers, automats, telephones and all the other items of strict historicity, then I should expect him to produce a fair sample of the historic novel—in which the hero would have much the flavor of a shredded wheat biscuit, and the heroine would have the aroma of wadding dipped in lavender.

One has only to go back to Montaigne to be reminded that "progress," in the sense of fundamental psychological changes, is not nearly so far-reaching as people at the Chautauquas think. Manners change, sometimes for the better, and the mode of things is always shifting, but the raw man under the cotton shirt of 1918 gives a much better clue to the tenth or fifteenth century than any stuffed historical shirt. If we think we are more humane or more chaste or more refined, we mistake rubber heels for athleticism. In a hundred "best" books, how many spring out of this era and how many out of twilit centuries? Our superstitions are quite modern, I admit, but Bernard Shaw never showed more genius than in painting Caesar and Cleopatra from people about him. If we smile today at some of Montaigne's credulities, let us grant that the accent of the sixteenth century is like our own in practically everything except economic democracy—and sometimes so exceedingly like our own that it seems absurd to take the human span of life as the measure of contemporaneity, any more than the may-fly's. The real measure is probably a hundred thousand years. "When they wore the busk of their doublets up as high as their breasts, they stiffly maintained that they were in their proper place," observes Montaigne, "some years after, it was slipped down betwixt their thighs, and then they could laugh at the former fashion as uneasy and intolerable. The fashion now in use makes them absolutely condemn the other two with so great resolution and so universal consent, that a man would think there was a certain kind of madness crept in amongst them, that infatuates their understandings to this strange degree. Now, seeing that our change of fashions is so prompt and sudden, that the inventions of all the tailors in the world cannot furnish out new whim-whams enow to feed our vanity withal, there will often be a necessity that the despised forms must again come in vogue, and these immediately after fall in contempt. . . ." The cloak and suit business is not, after all, so great a mark of New York-Jewish enterprise as Mr. Abraham Cahan seems to think.

At first sight Marie Grubbe (pronounced Groob-eh) bears close resemblance to most historic novels. Miss Larsen's able and sympathetic introduction quotes a letter from the author to Edvard Brandes, written from Copenhagen in 1873, "Just think, I get up every morning at eleven and go to the Royal Library, where I read old documents and letters and lies and descriptions of murder, adultery, corn rates, whoremongery, market prices, gardening, the siege of Copenhagen, divorce proceedings, christenings, estate registers, genealogies, and funeral sermons. All this is to become a wonderful novel to be called 'Mistress Marie Grubbe, Interiors from the Seventeenth Century.' You remember, she is the one who is mentioned in Holberg's Epistles and in The Goose Girl, by Andersen, and who was first married to U. F. Gyldenlöve and afterwards to a ferryman." Except for the lively words "adultery" and "whoremongery" and the promising words "corn rates" and "market prices," there is an ominous sound about this memorandum. It makes one feel that Mr. Jens Peter Jacobsen (1847-1885) might reproduce When Knighthood Went to Seed. But there is salvage in the fact that Ulrik Frederik Gyldenlöve was once viceroy of Norway, and that his wife did actually go from her exalted station to the more mobile but less distinguished position of ferryman's wife. The "wonderful" novel, in truth, belies neither the threat nor the promise of its author's letter. It is at once historical in the stiff sense and in the free sense, portraying a true human being but not quite as if she were living on the next floor.

It must be said at once that Jens Peter Jacobsen had an admirable idea of the uses of his rich material. It was his object to weave it into something much more decorative than an ordinary novel can afford to be, something at the same time quite different from the sentimental conventionality of looking patronizingly backward. In this his success may be acknowledged, especially in so capable a translation. What he has created is, in one aspect, a tapestry of the Danish seventeenth century, with the marked events of the epoch picked out in definite figures, and the background peculiarly finished and glowing. Thus we have, in the first hundred pages of a book only 250 pages long, the farmhouse of Erik Grubbe with its sun-heated garden, gilly flowers and honeysuckle, its clattering yard and racing greyhounds, its lord and its pastor getting quarrelsomely drunk by candlelight while the child Marie is made to suffer by Erik Grubbe's housekeeper-mistress. We have, in quick succession, the town life of the young girl at her aunt's, with the siege of Copenhagen enveloping its pieties and formalities; and we have the siege itself, first driving the townsmen to frenzy against pro-Swedes and pacifists, and then settling down to the business of victory. The love-making and death of a great military hero—with a death-bed repentance of the most delectable description—precede the raising of the siege, and with it comes the rebound of Marie's ascetic maidenliness when her accession to grown-up clothes coincides with peace ("How fascinating the eager parley about whether this silk chamelot was too thick to show the lines of her figure or that Turkish green too crude for her complexion!") So far the story has the

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growth and undergrowth of a fine tapestry, its flatness and its decorum, its drama cleverly disjointed at the sideboard and brought forward in treasurable detail. The humanity does not begin to glow in Marie Grubbe until the worthless Ulrik Frederik puts away his first wife and weds Marie Grubbe and leaves her in a passionate loneliness when he goes to the wars in Spain.

The ripening of Marie's temperament never destroys the decorative quality of the novel, but it introduces a reality that is quite unaffectedly modern. When Ulrik comes back tanned and thickened and drunken, Marie's flaming resentment is human; and the scene in her garret in the Norway castle, when he strives to bully her back to him, is like male and female since the first apple fermented. The note of reality is preserved especially in Sti Högh, the man in whom the mouse of introspection has gnawed through the strands of faith. Marie is deceived when Sti Högh lays out two rude Germans (Germans were rude in the seventeenth century); but Marie is undeceived after their year of liaison in Paris. Except for the moonlight of Nürnberg there is no ray of beauty for her from her thirtieth to her forty-sixth year. Then she falls in love with the young coachman of her new prosaic, miserly husband and, at forty-six, the full vigor of her temperament asserts itself. Up to that time she has known viceroys and gallants and high-browed sceptics and curmudgeons and bullies, but never a lover. "She had grown fuller of form and paler, and there was a slow languor in all her movements. Her eyes were generally quite empty of expression, but sometimes they would grow strangely bright, and she had fallen into the habit of setting her lips in a meaningless smile." But Sören's beauty, seen on the night of the fire, arouses in her a need which finds manifestation, and her capture of Sören is one of the most spirited pages in literature.

She is driven out, like the wife in The Shadow in the Glen, but she goes with complete acceptance of the fate that at last she could invite with open arms. Sören is rather bewildered. Still, he loves her. And, as he shows in beating her, he treats her as an absolute equal. The scene in the tavern with the public executioner is unforgettable, as also that beautifully imagined scene in which she ferries the bloated and degenerated Sti Högh across the stream, and talks to him in the idiom of a peasant addressing superiority.

The last half of this novel has less self-conscious style, fewer jewels of the Walter Pater variety. I must say I prefer it. But I know few novels of any civilization, Danish or otherwise, which selects so perfectly the episodes that confirm an epoch. The epoch was fascinating to Jacobsen for many reasons. His eye is ravenous for color, and he has the excuse of remoteness to justify his epicurean, hypersensitive pictorial art. But better than the epoch is Marie Grubbe. She looks out of her time wistfully and burningly, with eternal gaze.

Without knowledge of the original I should not dare to call Marie Grubbe a masterpiece. In its translation it appears too staccato, too stilted, to be termed great. But whatever the artificiality that comes from trimming one's work excessively, there is in this tale a very haunting beauty and a personality that can scarcely be forgotten. I could imagine a strange and moving play made from Marie Grubbe, one that showed faithfully the apparent descent of this ardent and unsatisfied woman, a descent that was really an evolution—one by which, at the sacrifice of externals, a heart was courageously appeased.

F. H.

An Appeal to America

The Dark People — Russia's Crisis, by Ernest Poole. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

"IT is of such vital urgency," Mr. Poole insists, "that we Americans understand." But the vital urgency of an impossible achievement may be reasonably doubted. We shall not understand Russia and this protracted crisis of her history, nor will the Russians themselves, nor anyone else, for generations to come. No such vast confused event was ever understood at the time. It may be afterward discovered that this contemporary saw more clearly than that one, but they were all fragmentary and mistaken, as we are doomed to be fragmentary and mistaken about the sky-filling and earth-overwhelming events of our day. To most of us the Russian Revolution is an episode in the great war; to the Russian the war is an episode in the Revolution, and we may well practice understanding that as a preliminary exercise.

But to admit that we cannot grasp is to admit that we cannot judge. To sit in court here is to sit in folly, and anyone who puts on the judge's cap to condemn puts on a cap-and-bells, and jingles the bells. If a nation were a person, a condemnatory opinion might be natural of a person who deserted his friends in the fight into which they had come on his account. But a nation is not a person. We are driven to draw up against Germany the kind of indictment which Burke said could not be drawn, and so far as the will of a whole people seems to be merged in and identified with the policy and acts of its government, such an indictment can be drawn. But the personality of a people in revolution is a fiction that has lost whatever fickle analogy it may once have referred to. The bulk of the Russian people are those "Dark People," the peasantry, and what indictment, applicable to imperial or Bolshevik government, would be even remotely applicable to them?

Mr. Poole's book is both a descriptive narrative and carries a thesis. The thesis is a plea to America to be sympathetic and not hostile in feeling, helpful and not indifferent or suspicious in its attitude toward Russia. The thesis may be endorsed without qualification or doubt as to American feeling. But as to the attitude there may be doubt, and it is here that the plea is timely. American feeling is inevitably sympathetic for a people who have thrown off an antiquated despotism and are searching for self-government. But the American attitude toward European troubles is traditionally indifferent, and toward the present Russian chaos it is suspicious of the outcome, suspicious of Russian ability to "pull it off," and hence disinclined to "get mixed" in it. But if the outcome of the war is to prevent German domination from overshadowing the world, it is of the first importance that it shall not overshadow Russia, and the prophecy of conditions at this moment is that that is exactly what is coming about. Agricultural and industrial Russia will be crying for help; if they cannot get it from America they will get it from Germany; and with German help will go German dominance.

We have heard much of the "Russian psychology," and been impressed with its difference from our own. Have we been over-impressed? The burden of the Russian novel these two generations has been gloom and futility. "I have never seen a corner where the Muzhik ceases sighing." And yet the Russian is as jovial a person as anyone, and enjoys his passing hours. The Russian "realistic" novel was not Russia, but a literary era. The Russia of the novels of Gogol is quite a different picture.

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Now, possibly, Russia is no more essentially and altogether futile than essentially and altogether gloomy. It may be that the conversations which Mr. Poole reports are selected conversations, selected for the effect. At any rate the effect is produced. They are not the talk of futile talkers, but of shrewd, hard-headed, practical men. Archbishop, mechanic, politician, peasant, professor, officer, and private employer and employee, what a sensible lot! And above all, that wonderful woman of Central Russia, the story of whose life concludes the volume, who is quite unlike and yet sets one to remembering Maxim Gorki's grandmother. But Gorki's grandmother is something about whom words are as water and reverence is dumb. She is the elemental value of humanity, the rock bottom and Ancient of Days.

If these people who talked to Mr. Poole, so keen, so canny, so human, so honest with themselves, are typical Russians, then Russia is safe; and nothing could be better, for giving an average American reader confidence in Russia, than the reports of what they said. We take the reports to be as nearly verbatim as possible. The amount of space which Mr. Poole has given them shows the soundness of his judgment. They are the evidence on the essential point in his thesis, which is an appeal to America — not to understand, for that is impossible — or to sympathize, for we inevitably do so, in the main — but to have faith in, to back, to "gamble and bank on" Russia, for that is the point in which we need persuasion.

As a passing observer and recorder, Mr. Poole has few equals. He is clear, vivid, natural, sane. He does not annoy one with prepossessions or eccentricities of opinion. He can sketch the outward appearance of a speaker in a few sharply descriptive lines, and then leave the speaker himself to fill in the picture from within. That is good workmanship, and it is also rare.

ARTHUR COLTON.

Sara Teasdale's Poems

Love Songs, by Sara Teasdale. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

THE quality that strikes one again and again in these new poems of Sara Teasdale's is their genuineness. This singer does not know how to be affected. Her poems are in plain words, in measures far removed from the strained and the exotic, and on the covers of them she puts the plainest of titles — Love Songs. The poet throws out no threads to enmesh us in a discussion.

But as clear and as genuine as they are, it would be a mistake to think of these lyrics as effortless expressions. They are both subtle and intellectual, and they come out of a spirit that can strive and can endure. The terrific pressure that is on all of us to make us look out on the outer world has not mastered Sara Teasdale. She looks within. There she finds a world of memory, delight and desire. And she has the sincerity to write of these things as a woman and not as a disciple of this or that great poet. She has brought into the poetry of today the distinctiveness of the Answering Voice. It is surely a woman who speaks in The Night Song at Amalfi:

I asked the heaven of stars
What I should give my love —
It answered me with silence,
Silence above.

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I asked the darkened sea
Down where the fishers go —
It answered me with silence,
Silence below.

Oh, I could give him weeping,
Or I could give him song—
But how can I give silence
My whole life long?

The impulse that lives in Love Songs is revealed in a few lines in one of the poems:

My heart is crowded full of foolish thoughts,
Like early flowers in an April meadow,
And I must give them to you, all of them.

The thoughts in the book are very wise, but they are "like early flowers in an April meadow," and they are given eagerly. This eagerness of giving sets a note that runs through all the poems.

If she had not been content to leave her poetry genuine, unaffected and natural — if she had permitted herself to be eccentric in title, inverted in theme or extravagant in form, Sara Teasdale would have given scope for more of a discussion of her work. Love Songs, however, is one of the books of verse we accept without any discussion. The sincerity of the poems, their clearness, and their intellectual level are related to a fine courage that is always present. Not all are love songs. There are Songs Out of Sorrow as well. One of these, Spirit's House, gives a glimpse of the spirit that has been so well able to look within and to give us these clear, unaffected and eager songs:

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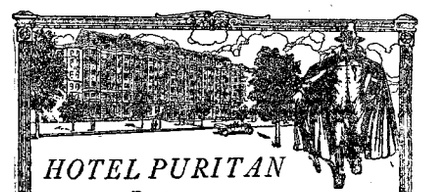

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From naked stones of agony
I will build a house for me;
As a mason all alone,
I will raise it, stone by stone,
And every stone where I have bled
Will show a sign of dusky red.
I have not gone the way in vain,
For I have good of all my pain;
My spirit's quiet house will be
Built of naked stones I trod
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Recent Publications

Nine Humorous Tales, by Anton Chekhov. 25 cents. Stories of the Steppes, by Maxim Gorki. 25 cents. Translated by Henry T. Schnittkind and Isaac Goldberg. Boston: The Stratford Co.

CHEKHOV would probably be the first to admit that these tales, some of his earliest, were also his thinnest and most barren work. Humorous in an empty, joyless way, they suggest an unhappy man forced to write for money, a Chekhov crushed by trivialities, monotonies, greyness, who had not yet made his truce with reality, nor learned the spiritual art of revealing the uncommon essence of common things.

Compared with this indoor, distracted Chekhov, Gorki is the melody of a wild, free wind. Free, youthful, careless wanderer, still he is a responsible gypsy, or as old Isergil tells him: "You were born old, you people of the north. Our girls are afraid of you, and yet you are so young and strong."

Gorki has power to wake the sleeping Romany in us, and lull the townsman, till he would forget his slavery of walls and there falls on him the spell of a sweet and bitter longing, for the sky, and the sun, and a young horse, and far wind-baffled voices singing in chorus by the sea.

Peasant Tales of Russia, by V. I. Nemirovitch-Dantchenko. Translated by Claud Field. New York: Robert M. McBride Co. $1.25.

IT is hard to understand why Peasant Tales should be the title of stories of an old miner, a Turkish colonel, a nun, and an escaped convict. Perhaps a homely note of simplicity suggested it, a quality of freshness, somewhat diluted, that gives naive pathos to one story, triviality to another, a very real and natural charm to Ivan the Forgetful, and that fails to redeem the book from a pleasant unimportance.

Contributors

NORMAN ANGELL—An Englishman who spent his youth in the western part of the United States, then returned to Europe and did newspaper work in England and France. Was general manager of the Paris Daily Mail from 1905 to 1914. Is the author of The Great Illusion and other books on international relations.

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT—A graduate of Bryn Mawr College. She has been in France for several months and is contributing a series of articles to the New Republic.

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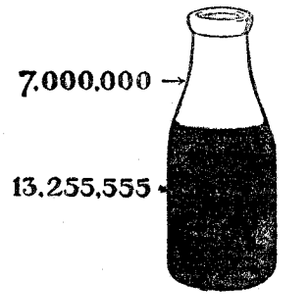

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The undersigned therefore appeal to all liberals for financial help. Checks should be made out to Albert DeSilver, Treasurer, 2 West 13th Street, New York City.

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Further information about the issues of the trial can be secured in two pamphlets—"The Truth About the I. W. W.," with the essential facts in relation to the present trial, together with a reprint from the New York Evening Post of Robert Bruere's articles on the war-time activities of the I. W. W., will be sent on receipt of 10c. Address Room 710, 2 West 13th St., New York City.

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